

Silver Screen★

July

10¢



Loretta Young

STAY AWAY FROM HOLLYWOOD, GIRLS!
WHY BETTE DAVIS NEVER WILL MARRY AN ACTOR



"Then why have I never married?"

She was one of those stunning, Aquarius types . . . tall, regal, red-haired . . . about thirty; of obvious means, and with a hand that showed personality, health, brilliance of mind, daring and romance. Fortune's child if ever I saw one.

Yet here she was confessing unashamedly that she'd had little luck with men and almost tearfully demanding to know why. Should I tell her . . . dare I tell her . . . that the answer lay not in her hand—but in something else that most people do not even mention, let alone discuss.*

One of the most damning faults in a woman is halitosis (bad breath)*. Yet every woman may offend this way some time or other—without realizing it. That's the insidious thing about halitosis.

How foolish to take unnecessary risks of offending others when Listerine Antiseptic is such a delightful precaution against this humiliating condition. You simply rinse your mouth with it night and morning, and between times before engagements at which you wish to appear at your best.

Some cases of halitosis are caused by

systemic conditions. But usually—and fortunately—say some authorities, most bad breath is due to fermentation of tiny food particles on teeth and gums.

Makes Breath Sweeter

Listerine Antiseptic quickly halts such fermentation, then quickly overcomes the odors it causes. The breath becomes sweeter, purer, more agreeable, and less likely to offend others.

In the matter of charm, your breath may often be more important than your clothes, your hair, your skin, your figure. Take precautions to keep it on the agreeable side with the antiseptic and deodorant which is as effective as it is delightful.

Lambert Pharmacal Co., St. Louis, Mo.

LISTERINE for HALITOSIS

Wake up, Wallflower!

Mum after your bath would have saved your Charm!



Mum prevents underarm odor . . . guards after-bath freshness all evening



More women use Mum than any other deodorant. Just a touch under each arm every day makes you sure of your charm. For hours after your bath has faded, Mum still keeps you fresh!

BREATHLESS expectations . . . dreams of a wonderful evening . . . turned to dust! Why should it happen to a pretty girl like Jean? She bathed so carefully, chose her loveliest dress, started out so gaily. But she *did* forget Mum—she thought her bath would be enough! And now she's sitting out the dances. She's missed her chance for popularity—and she doesn't know why.

It's a mistake to believe that the bath which leaves you so fresh and sweet will secure your charm for the evening. Even the most perfect bath removes only perspiration that is *past*! Underarm odor can come *after* a bath, unless you *prevent* it. Why not make sure you never risk this danger? Make future odor *impossible*—follow your bath with Mum!

MUM SAVES TIME! Takes only half a minute! Just a pat under this arm, under that . . . and you're through!

MUM SAVES CLOTHES! Mum has the American Institute of Laundering Seal as being harmless to fabrics. And even after underarm shaving Mum actually soothes your skin.

MUM SAVES CHARM! Without attempting to stop perspiration, Mum prevents underarm odor. With Mum, after-bath freshness lasts *all evening*. Women everywhere use Mum . . . yes, and men, too. Get Mum at your druggist's today. Be always welcome—make a *habit* of Mum!

FOR SANITARY NAPKINS—More women use Mum for sanitary napkins than any other deodorant. Mum is gentle, safe, dependable!

MUM TAKES THE ODOR OUT OF PERSPIRATION

DEAR ED:
In case you are planning to come out here this summer I thought you might like to know what Hollywood is talking about so you won't be a goon when you are caught under the candelabras (and besides it's an easy way to write a column). So brush up on the following subjects:

What They Are Talking About in Hollywood: The casting of Norma Shearer for the role of the Countess in "Escape." Most people think it's a case of very bad casting. . . . The iridescent nail polish the girls are wearing for evening. It has almost completely taken the place of those horrible reds. . . . "Gone With the Wind," the richest bonanza in Hollywood history. On April 24th it passed the \$17,000,000 mark in theatre ticket sales, and it hasn't even reached its regular release schedule yet, and so far has been shown only in a thousand cities. Walt Disney's "Snow White," of three years ago, was the previous record breaker, earning a paltry \$8,000,000—which at the time was called "phenomenal". . . . Will Olivia de Havilland and Jimmy Stewart get married? . . . Now that Hedy Lamarr has cut her hair for "Boom Town" the smartypants around town are taking bets on whether or not Joan Bennett will cut hers. . . . Are those divorce rumors true concerning Fred MacMurray and his wife? . . . Walter Pidgeon, after all these years, the hottest Glamour Boy in pictures. Ever since "It's a Date" the women have been screaming for him. . . . Will Norma Shearer and George Raft marry? . . . The new vogue for amber. With Jean Arthur, Rita Hayworth and Loretta Young sporting beautiful new amber necklaces. . . . Vivien Leigh and Larry Olivier and their road tour of "Romeo and Juliet." Are Scarlett and Heathcliff hurting their picture standing? . . . Will Ilona Massey marry Alan Curtis when his divorce is final? . . . Ray Milland. Why didn't they ever cast him as a comedian before? With Loretta Young in "The Doctor Takes a Wife" he is the funniest man alive. . . . Rosalind Russell's hats. Ditto Hedda Hopper's. . . . Ear rings are with us again. Movie stars at Ciro's are all weighted down with them. Probably the Liz Whitney influence. . . . Is there any truth to the Claudette Colbert divorce rumors? (Definitely not. I know for a fact that Claudette and her doctor never have been happier.) . . . Joan Fontaine. Her sensational triumph in "Rebecca" after she had been dropped by Hollywood. . . . The Elsa Maxwell-Hedda Hopper feud. . . . What did Paulette Goddard tell the census-taker? . . . Are Carole Lombard and Clark Gable "expecting?" (No, but they'd like to be.)

If you get the idea that pictures and picture people are about all we talk about in Hollywood you aren't far wrong.

Liza

Silver Screen

LESTER C. GRADY
Editor

ELIZABETH WILSON
Western Editor

GENE LESTER
Staff Photographer

FRANK J. CARROLL
Art Director

CONTENTS

STORIES AND ARTICLES

	PAGE
"I'D NEVER MARRY AN ACTOR!".....GLADYS HALL	22
<i>Bette Davis can't think of a worse hell and frankly explains why</i>	
A FRIENDSHIP BUILT ON GAGS AND INSULTS.....ARTHUR MASON	24
<i>The story behind the Jack Benny-Fred Allen "feud"</i>	
DAWN OF A NEW DAY.....FREDERICK JAMES SMITH	26
<i>Laraine Day is thru with mediocre roles and on her way to stardom</i>	
MITCHELL THE MAGNIFICENT.....JOHN R. FRANCHY	34
<i>You know of Thomas Mitchell's screen triumphs, here's what happened before they started</i>	
HILL-BILLY QUEEN.....ELIZABETH WILSON	36
<i>The Ozarks claim her, but Judy Canova hails from the Florida coast</i>	
MARRIAGE AND THE MARCHES.....JANE MACDONALD	38
<i>Fredric March and his wife have a formula for keeping love alive in marriage</i>	
STAY AWAY FROM HOLLYWOOD, GIRLS!.....DOROTHY HAAS	40
<i>This isn't advice just for the movie-struck, but for those who think it's a gay spot for a grand vacation</i>	
"SHE HEET DE BOOL'S EYE!".....WILLIAM LYNCH VALLEE	42
<i>Lupe Velez doesn't mind discussing her personal affairs at all</i>	
LOVE IS ALL THAT MATTERS.....ELIZABETH BENNECHE PETERSON	44
<i>An unusual story of a certain vaudeville team that sought fame in Hollywood</i>	

MONTHLY FEATURES

THE OPENING CHORUS.....	4
<i>Liza gives the lowdown of what they're talking about in Hollywood</i>	
HOLLYWOOD EARSFULS.....	6
<i>Lend an ear to the latest whisperings about your favorites</i>	
TIPS ON PICTURES.....	10
<i>What to see and what to miss!</i>	
CHECKING ON THEIR COMMENTS.....FREDERICK JAMES SMITH	12
<i>The stars don't always mean exactly what they say</i>	
BEAUTIFUL LEGS.....MARY LEE	14
<i>The proper care and grooming of a most important one-third of you</i>	
TOPICS FOR GOSSIP.....	19
<i>Latest news and photos of Hollywood's social life</i>	
LONG LIVE KING COTTON!.....	46
<i>Charming Maureen O'Hara is partial to cool cotton fabrics</i>	
WE POINT WITH PRIDE.....	50
<i>To Carole Landis!</i>	
REVIEWS.....	52
<i>Direct from Hollywood</i>	
PICTURES ON THE FIRE!.....DICK MOOK	54
<i>On the sets of productions in the making</i>	

SPECIAL FEATURES

MAGNETIC!.....	32
<i>Enticing and gifted creatures who attract and hold your attention</i>	
PARTICULARLY PULSATING!.....	51
<i>An exciting variety of kisses</i>	

ART GALLERY

CARY GRANT.....	28
CONSTANCE MOORE.....	29
FRED MACMURRAY.....	30
RITA JOHNSON.....	31

COVER PORTRAIT OF LORETTA YOUNG BY MARLAND STONE

V. G. Heimbucher, President Paul C. Hunter, Vice President and Publisher D. H. Lapham, Secretary and Treasurer
SILVER SCREEN. Published monthly by Screenland Magazine, Inc., at 45 West 45th Street, New York, N. Y.
Advertising Offices: 45 West 45th St., New York; 410 North Michigan Ave., Chicago; 530 W. Sixth St.,
Los Angeles, Calif. Manuscripts and drawings must be accompanied by return postage. They will receive
careful attention but SILVER SCREEN assumes no responsibility for their safety. Yearly subscriptions \$1.00 in
the United States, its dependencies, Cuba and Mexico; \$1.50 in Canada; foreign \$2.00. Changes of address
must reach us five weeks in advance of the next issue. Be sure to give both the old and new address. Entered
as second class matter, September 23, 1930, at the Post Office, New York, N. Y., under the act of March 3, 1879.
Additional entry at Chicago, Illinois. Copyright 1940 by Screenland Magazine, Inc. Printed in the U. S. A.

MEMBER AUDIT BUREAU OF CIRCULATIONS

"The Mortal Storm"



It had to be told! Millions demanded that the fiery pages of this best-selling novel be dramatized on the screen.

It is an unforgettable motion picture. Tensely it tells of youthful love...the courage of men and women whose brave heritage will never die...the excitement of world-shaking events just as they happened in screaming newspaper headlines...and with powerful performances by a cast as brilliant as the mighty story they tell...

The MORTAL STORM by PHYLLIS BOTTOME

STARRING

Margaret SULLIVAN *James STEWART* *Robert YOUNG* *Frank MORGAN*

with ROBERT STACK • BONITA GRANVILLE • IRENE RICH
WILLIAM T. ORR • MARIA OUSPENSKAYA • GENE REYNOLDS •

A FRANK BORZAGE PRODUCTION

Screen Play by CLAUDINE WEST • ANDERSEN ELLIS
and GEORGE FROESCHEL • Directed by FRANK BORZAGE
A METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER PICTURE



Hollywood Earfuls

The most interesting of the current whisperings now making the rounds in Hollywood



Above: Walter Wanger and Frank Borzage, of the Producers team, receiving the trophy of victory from Jean Hersholt after their team had defeated the Stars team in a benefit polo match for the Motion Picture Relief Fund. Left: Cesar Romero seems to be hypnotizing Phyllis Brooks.

ping at the table to tell Barbara what a stunning new hat she was wearing.

WELL, isn't he the old sentimentalist! Tyrone Power's first wedding anniversary gift to Annabella was a print of "Suez"—the picture they were both making when their romance started.

The magazine photographers in Hollywood will tell you that Olivia de Havilland is the most photogenic of the movie stars. She looks pretty no matter at what angle you shoot her.

The proudest person dining at the Brown Derby the other night was Robert Taylor. Barbara was wearing a hat that he personally selected and bought for her that afternoon—and everyone was stop-

It's the favorite Rathbone story being told around Hollywood now. Seems that the other night Basil Rathbone's agent phoned his home, but was informed by the butler that both Mr. and Mrs. Rathbone were out to dinner.

"It's very important that I speak to him at once," said the agent. "Where can I find them?"

"Mr. and Mrs. Rathbone are dining at the drugstore on the corner," said the butler pompously.

Ann Sothorn and hubby Roger Pryor decided that they must do something about getting the proper exercise. Bowling, they agreed, was just what they needed, and besides it might be a lot of fun. So Ann and Roger went out to a bowling

alley. Ann shot a discouraging 64, broke all her long beautiful nails right down to the quick, and one time forgot to let go of the ball and slid halfway down the alley, while a bunch of college kids snickered. Roger had to go to the doctor for X-rays the next day and discovered that he had thrown a vertebrae out of place. Ann had to take several leaves out of her lovely antique dining room table for him to sleep on. They've decided to give up bowling.

According to six of America's greatest artists, Paulette Goddard possesses the most beautiful figure in the world. If you're from Missouri get a gander at it in a bathing suit in "The Ghost Breakers."

Penny Singleton, who used to keep fit by a half dozen back flips and fancy gymnastic tricks each morning, will have to forego that kind of exercise for a few months while she recovers completely from her automobile accident. For a while doctors thought they'd have to cut into Penny and anchor a floating rib, but fortunately the danger [Continued on page 8]



Judy Garland and Bob Stack have a date. Left: Bruce Cabot, Constance Moore, Bob Howard and Andrea (Mrs. Howard) Leeds, at Andrea's party.

SILVER SCREEN



*In the heart of the jungle...
she found her heart's desire!*

DOUGLAS

FAIRBANKS, Jr.

MADELEINE CARROLL

SAFARI

... LOVE... ADVENTURE AND JUNGLE THRILLS

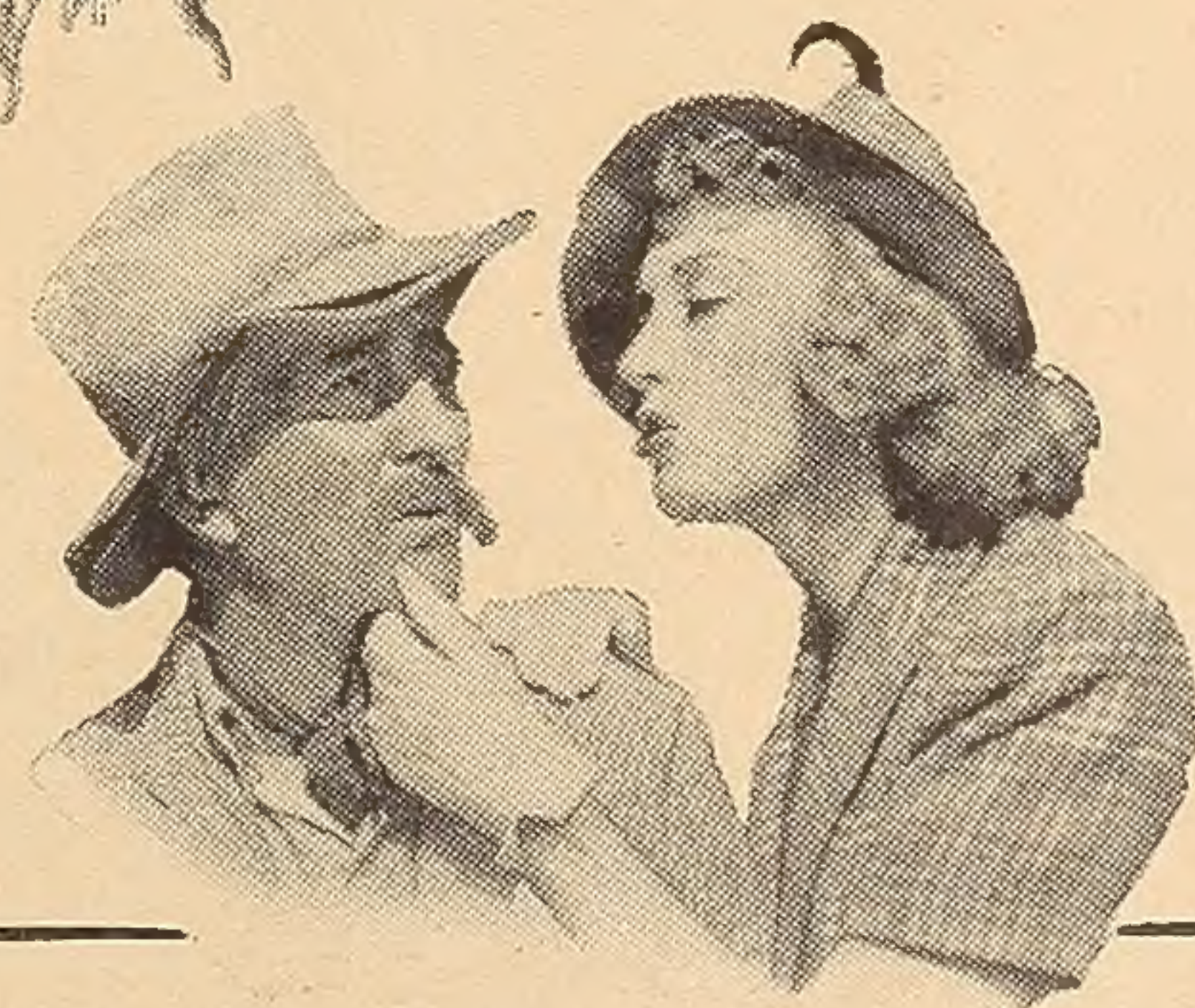
A Paramount Picture with

TULLIO CARMINATI • MURIEL ANGELUS

LYNNE OVERMAN • BILLY GILBERT

DIRECTED BY EDWARD H. GRIFFITH

Screen Play by Delmer Daves • Based on a Story by Paul Hervey Fox



LYNNE OVERMAN as the canny Scot
who doesn't give a "hoot" about women!



Helen Parrish and her devoted Forrest Tucker may soon be altar-bound.

Hollywood Earfuls

[Continued from page 6]

has passed and Penny will be tightly taped for three months instead. Penny quips, "That taping business gives me a swell waistline—better than Scarlett O'Hara's."

Jackie Cooper and Bonita Granville make the cutest couple among the younger set.

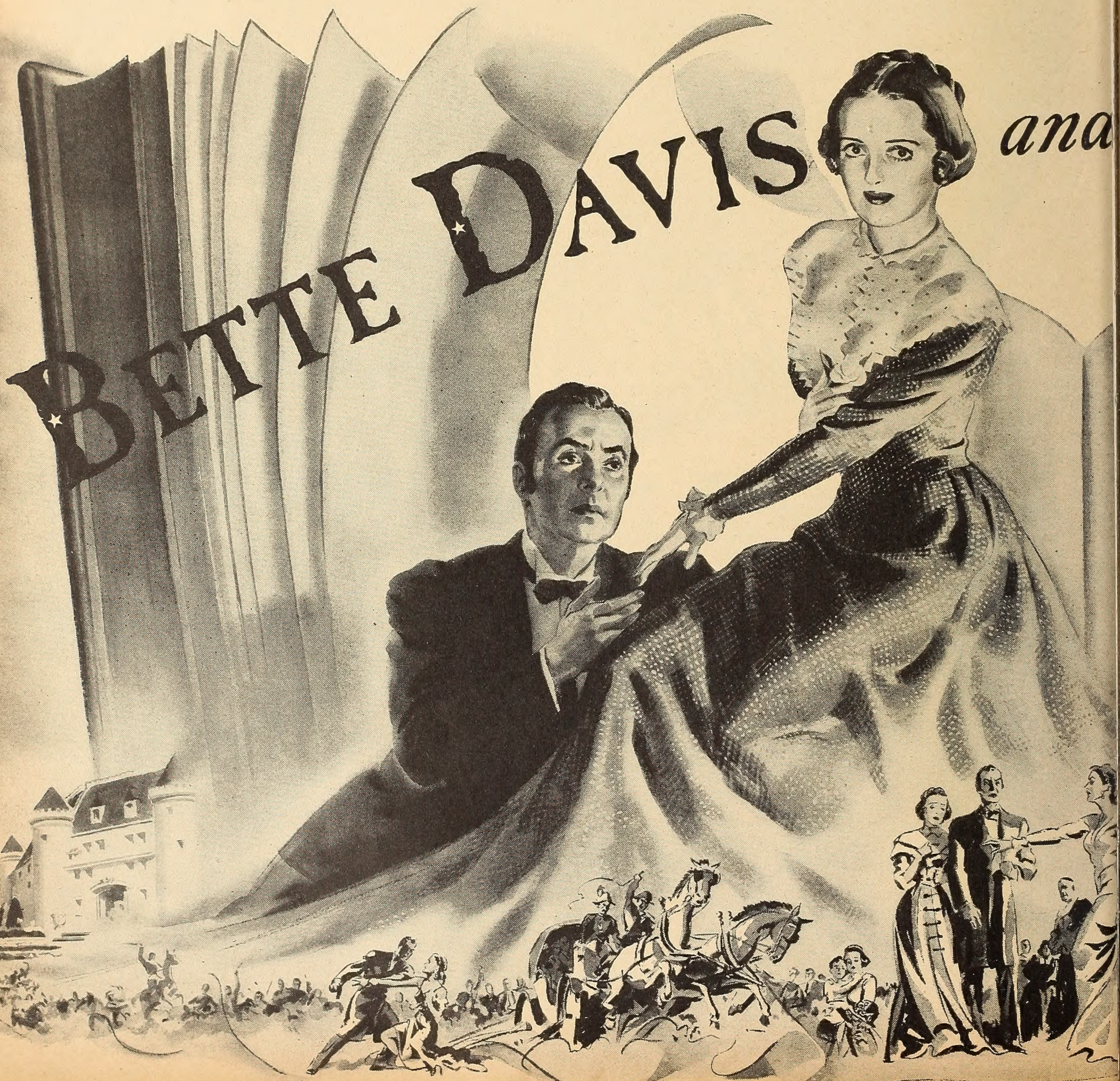
There's a rumor that the Bing Crosbys are going to adopt a baby girl to bring up with their large family of boys. And it's a fact, not a rumor, that the Jack Bennys are adopting a little boy. Their five year old adopted daughter, Joanie, is all for having a little brother.

Orry-Kelly, Warners' well known stylist, has written a book that will be published soon, titled, "Women I Have Undressed"—which speaks for itself.

And Gracie Allen has a book which will be published by Putnam's, titled, "How To Be President in Three Easy Terms."

Count on Ken Murray, ace m.c., to think of a certain something to put his party over. After dinner the other evening he ushered his guests into his playroom, which had been fixed up as a movie theatre, and showed them some of those old time silent films which never fail to interest and amuse the cinema colony. After the screening, as the guests left the room, Ken proceeded to present each and everyone of them with a set of dishes.

Dorothy Lamour and Robert Preston have decided not to see too much of each other in the future. It might just be a case of love growing cold, or it might just be a case of too many objecting fans. We have it from Bob's studio, Paramount, that most of Bob's fan mail, and there seems to be a terrific lot of it since the release of "Typhoon," is from gals who strenuously object to Bob's marrying Dorothy Lamour. Not that they have any-



thing against Dorothy—they just don't want Bob to marry at all. As one girl put it, "I suppose it doesn't make any real difference whether our film favorites are married or not, but we do so like to think of them as single. And there are so few single screen heroes left! Please, please, Bob, remain a bachelor for our sakes."

—◆—

You can powder your nose by looking at Dolores Del Rio's ears these days. Dolores has a new pair of ear-rings composed of tiny mirrors. Since her separation from Cedric Gibbons the beautiful Dolores has been dining and dancing with Orson Welles and Fred Perry, tennis champ.

—◆—

Wayne Morris is a pushover for art—but not exactly the same kind of art that so excites Edward G. Robinson. Wayne has recently added to his collection a mermaid, who greatly resembles Mae West, painted on the bottom of his swimming pool. When the water is agitated, so is the mermaid.

When Gene Raymond attended the preview of "Irene" the other night he was in the midst of signing autographs when an officious little usher, with the weight of the world on his shoulders, bustled up and busily announced, "No more autographs, no more autographs."

One fan, the Amazonian type, glared at the little squirt, and then turned politely to Gene, "Do you mind, Mr. Raymond?" she asked.

"Nope," said Gene. "I love it." With which the big girl gave the little usher a nasty look and said, "Scram, brother." And he did.

—◆—

Constance Bennett is now a quadruple-threat career woman. She has her screen career (having just signed a new contract with Columbia); she has her stage career (she plans to do one play a year following her recent success in "Easy Virtue"); she has her thriving cosmetic business; and her own recently organized picture-producing unit in New York.



Maureen O'Hara is an incessant milk drinker; says it won't add weight.

CHARLES BOYER

"ALL THIS, AND HEAVEN TOO"

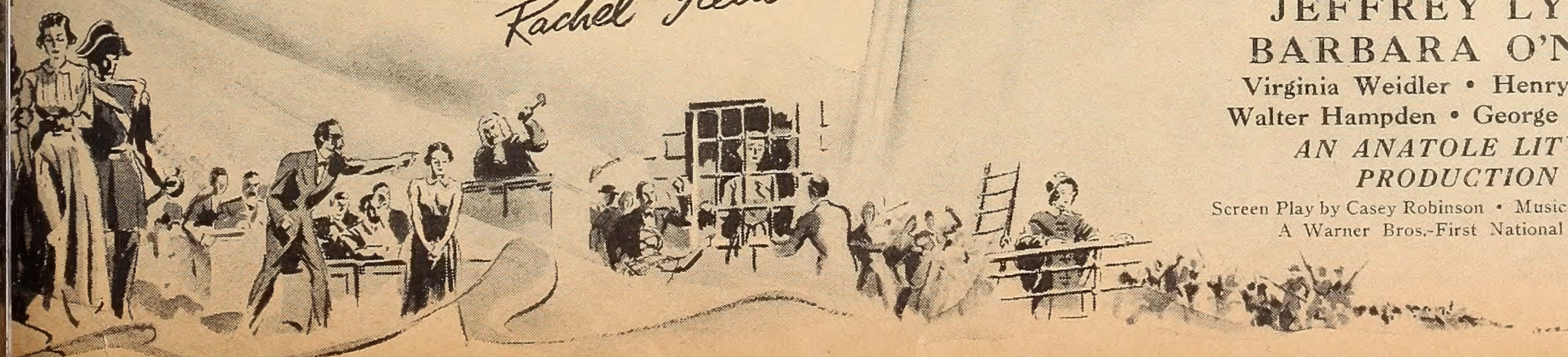
From the World-Applauded Novel By
Rachel Field

IN ALL ITS GLORY, with the full fire of its deep-stirring story, this beloved best-seller sweeps to the summit of screen achievement! And *never* have its stars come to you so immeasurably magnificent, or brought you a drama that touches so close to your heart. You will, of course, see it!

Especially distinguished in the supporting cast of this new WARNER BROS. Success, are

JEFFREY LYNN
BARBARA O'NEIL
Virginia Weidler • Henry Daniell
Walter Hampden • George Coulouris
AN ANATOLE LITVAK PRODUCTION

Screen Play by Casey Robinson • Music by Max Steiner
A Warner Bros.-First National Picture



Tips on Pictures

The ones to see and the ones to miss!

A BILL OF DIVORCEMENT (RKO)—It seems that a better vehicle could have been selected to establish Maureen O'Hara as a star. After all, it's Adolphe Menjou, as her demented father, who has the choice role and naturally is most outstanding. The story moves slowly and there is little action. Nevertheless, Maureen's limited performance is indicative of her ability.

AND ONE WAS BEAUTIFUL (M-G-M)—Not only does this picture mark the return of Jean Muir to the screen, but it further fortifies Laraine Day's claim to stardom. Jean is a glamour girl who doesn't mind seeing her boy friend, Robert Cummings, take a prison rap for her. Laraine, as her kid sister, struggles for his freedom and wins it and him, besides.

BEYOND TOMORROW (RKO)—The spirit world is the important element in this well cast story of a young cowboy, Richard Carlson, whose singing voice brings him success and an inflated ego. Three elderly pals of his and his girl, Jean Parker, who'd been killed in a plane crash, return to this earth to guide him back to his former self. Charles Winninger, C. Aubrey Smith and Harry Carey are the gentlemen who return from the other world.

BUCK BENNY RIDES AGAIN (Paramount)—Jack Benny certainly has his troubles when forced, through love and other circumstances, to pretend he's a cowboy. But as usual the more trouble he has the more delightful he is. Ellen Drew, Phil Harris, Andy Devine, Rochester, and the voice of Fred Allen are his chief supports in this gay, tuneful and hilarious musical comedy.

Carole Landis and Victor Mature in "One Million B. C.," Hal Roach's spectacle.

CURTAIN CALL (RKO)—An amusing film, quite worthy of applause, having to do with a young girl who writes a play which the producers hope will ruin a star, but on the contrary is such a hit, it makes the star more important than ever. The cast includes Barbara Read, Alan Mowbray, Helen Vinson and Donald MacBride.

DARK COMMAND (Republic)—A dynamic epic of the Civil War days when guerilla warfare flourished in the border states. Walter Pidgeon, as a gentlemanly schoolteacher develops into quite the out-

law before long and it's John Wayne, as the town marshal, who has to bring him to order. Claire Trevor is the femme interest and Roy Rogers, as her kid brother, is especially noticeable in the large supporting cast.

DR. KILDARE'S STRANGE CASE (M-G-M)—Again the team of Lionel Barrymore and Lew Ayres offers a refreshing yarn having to do with the wizardry of the medical profession. With such doctors as Lionel and Lew to care for you, illness becomes a blessing. Laraine Day continues as the nurse in love with Dr. Kildare and if she's to remain in this series the chances are her role will be built up considerably.

FLORIAN (M-G-M)—This is a fascinating story of a horse, lavishly produced, with the Austria of Franz Josef as its locale. Florian, a royal Lippizan, figures importantly in the lives of all those with whom he comes in contact in his years at the palace, during the World War and the revolution, and finally his final years of peace in this country. Robert Young, Helen Gilbert and Charles Coburn are among those giving distinguished performances.

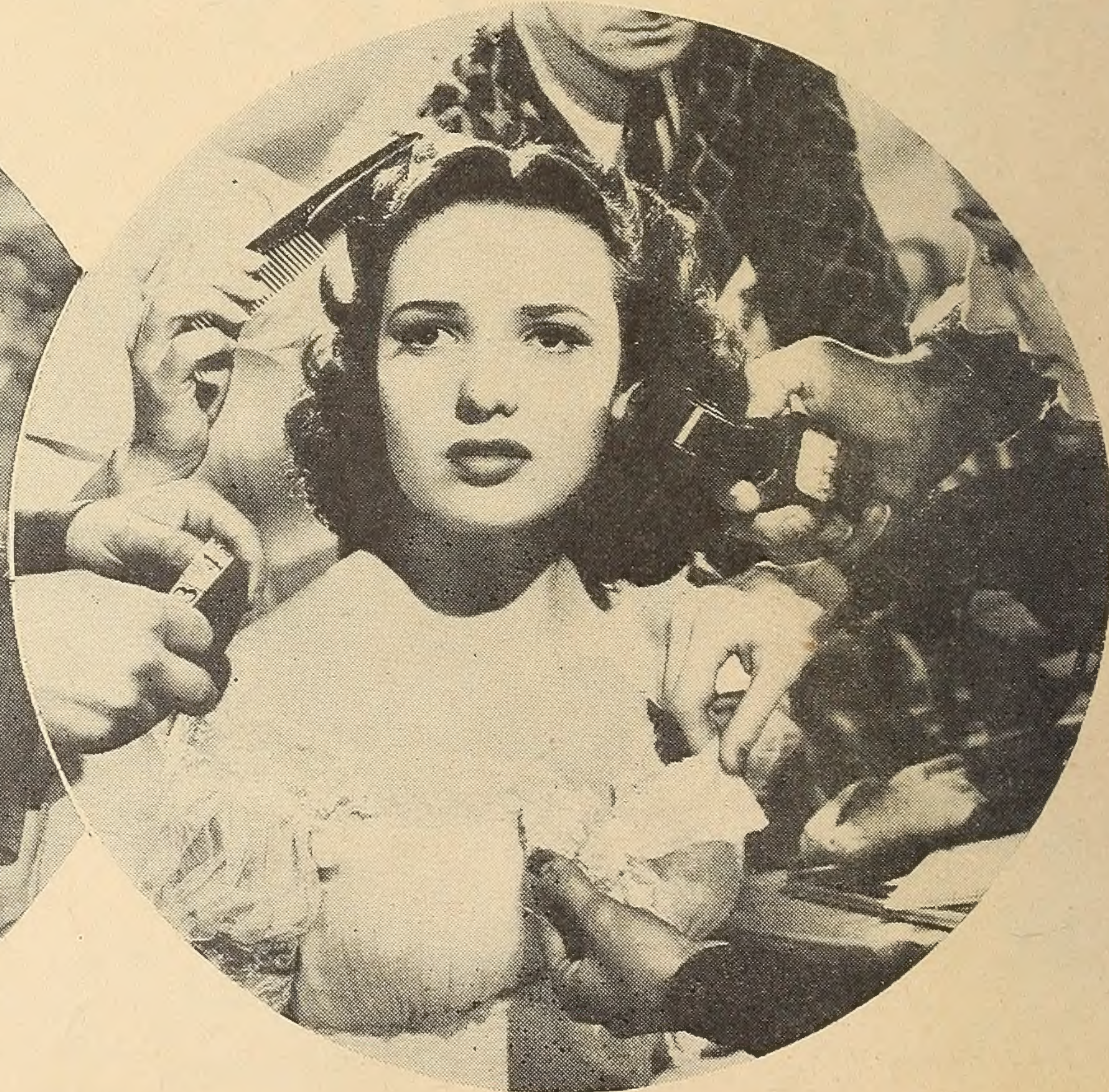
FORTY LITTLE MOTHERS (M-G-M)—Eddie Cantor deserts his usual type of musical extravaganza to play a straight dramatic role and acquits himself nicely. He's a bachelor professor in a girls' school and when they learn he's the "father" of a baby things start popping. Eddie gets great support, especially from a new kiddie find, Baby Quintanilla, who almost steals the picture.

IRENE (RKO)—It's a refreshing sight to see Anna Neagle skipping about in a role more suited to her charm and beauty.

Linda Darnell being prettied up in a scene from her latest film, "Star Dust."



Ray Milland and Loretta Young in "The Doctor Takes a Wife" which is by far the funniest comedy of the season.



Remember how stiff and stoic she was in "Nurse Edith Cavell?" Ray Milland is ideal as her leading man. The supporting cast, including Roland Young, Alan Marshal, May Robson, Billie Burke, Arthur Treacher and Doris Nolan, lives up to what you'd naturally expect of it.

IT ALL CAME TRUE (Warners)—Ann Sheridan never has performed more convincingly than in this gangster melodrama. Humphrey Bogart is the head gangster and Jeffrey Lynn is Ann's boyfriend. It all takes place in a boarding house which Humphrey turns into a night club. Ann does nicely with her musical numbers. Although not regarded as an oomph role for Ann, she displays more of it than usual.

JOHNNY APOLLO (20th Century-Fox)—Tyrone Power becomes a gangster in an effort to free his father, Edward Arnold, from prison. The father misunderstands the son's motive and disowns him. Then the son really becomes a thug. Lloyd Nolan and Dorothy Lamour are excellent as the other featured players in this impelling melodrama of a father and son forced into lives of crime.

MA, HE'S MAKING EYES AT ME (Universal)—An amusing comedy about a press agent for a dress shop who puts over a big publicity stunt to pick a Miss Manhattan. Our own Ed Sullivan wrote the yarn and did a bang-up job of it. In the cast are Tom Brown, Constance Moore, Richard Carle, Anne Nagel and Jerome Cowan.

ONE MILLION B.C. (Hal Roach-United Artists)—A spectacular novelty of pre-



Billy Lee and Promise in "The Biscuit Eater," the touching story of the love of a boy for his hunting dog. Excellently done and most certainly not to be missed.

historic times which is a supreme photographic achievement. It is entertainment primarily for the eye with exciting sights galore, including the shapely Carole Landis. The cast also includes handsome Victor Mature, who's definitely a heart flutterer.

RANCHO GRANDE (Republic)—If you see this well-produced western you'll understand why Gene Autry reigns unchallenged as king of the cowboys. He never was better. The story concerns a ranch, completely entangled in red tape, which he inherits. His unraveling of it is

superb entertainment. Smiley Burnette, June Storey, Dick Hogan, and Roscoe Ates have featured roles.

SATURDAY'S CHILDREN (Warners)—John Garfield and Anne Shirley, as a young married couple trying to make a go of it despite conditions, are confronted with many problems with which the majority of married couples in the audience are familiar. It's interesting, common-sense moviefare that makes you a part of the story.

SON OF THE NAVY (Monogram)—Here's a comedy-melodrama deserving of unlimited praise. It tells of an orphan who attaches himself to a gob, and later to a girl, who thinks the boy is really the son of the sailor. Comic complications are rampant with James Dunn, Martin Spellman and Jean Parker heading an acceptable cast which seems to realize what the story is all about.

STAR DUST (20th Century-Fox)—Practically a true story of Linda Darnell's breaking into pictures, this believably done film of Hollywood proves that Darryl Zanuck made no mistake in selecting her for stardom. Roland Young, John Payne, Charlotte Greenwood, William Gargan and Mary Healy head a superbly directed supporting cast.

THE BISCUIT EATER (Paramount)—A touching and simple story about a hunting dog, thought to be nothing but a "biscuit eater" until a small lad, played by Billy Lee, develops him into the very best in the country. Your emotions are kept in mind throughout and get quite [Continued on page 17]

BARBARA KINDT, FRESHMAN AT UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA AT BERKELEY, SAYS:

*It's a Beau Catcher...
that modern natural look!*

AND IT'S YOURS WITH THIS FACE POWDER
YOU CHOOSE BY THE COLOR OF YOUR EYES!

To give you the piquant *natural* charm of gay, young "collegiennes"—the *modern* trend in makeup—Hudnut has created Marvelous Face Powder, the remarkable new powder you choose by *the color of your eyes*!

For eye color is definitely related to the color of your skin, your hair. It is the simplest guide to powder that matches and glorifies your own coloring . . . gives you that disarming *natural* look men like so well.

So, whether your eyes are blue, gray, brown or hazel, it's easy now to find the shade that's *right* for you! Just ask for Richard Hudnut *Marvelous* Face Powder . . . the pure, fine-textured powder you choose by *the color of your eyes*!

Marvelous Face Powder goes on so *smoothly*, clings for *hours*, agrees with even sensitive skin! For *complete color harmony*, use matching Marvelous Rouge and Lipstick, too.

Hudnut Marvelous Face Powder and harmonizing Rouge and Lipstick
at drug and department stores—only 55¢ each. (65¢ in Canada.)



**HUDNUT
MARVELOUS
FACE POWDER
AND MATCHED MAKEUP**

RICHARD HUDNUT, Dept. M, 693 Fifth Ave., New York City
Please send me tryout Makeup Kit containing generous metal containers of harmonizing powder, rouge and lipstick.
I enclose 10¢ to help cover mailing costs.

My eyes are: Brown ☐ Blue ☐ Hazel ☐ Gray ☐

Name _____

Street _____ City _____

Be sure to check color of your eyes!

KEEP UNDERARMS SWEET
BATH-FRESH



**NONSPI CREAM
FOR WOMEN WHO
PERSPIRE FREELY**

SAFE TO APPLY as often as desired. Nonspi Cream is harmless to skin or clothing.

CHECKS BOTH perspiration and odor safely... effectively.

SOOTHING and cool when applied. Doesn't sting or irritate—even after shaving.

DRIES ALMOST INSTANTLY. Not sticky...a greaseless, stainless cream.

SEND 10¢ for trial size of Nonspi Cream. The Nonspi Co., 119 West 18th Street, New York City.



There is also a **LIQUID NONSPI**—at drug and department stores.

**Checking On
Their Comments**

By Frederick
James Smith

ERROL FLYNN is the 1940 type of celluloid idol. That's why I picked on him for an answer to this: Were the swashbuckling lads of the old days any different from the modern boys who have to check in on the time clock at 9 a.m.? And Errol gave me an interesting response. Said he:

"So you're pondering the question of whether there's much difference between the historic male animal in tin armor and a helmet and today's hero in a business suit and a couple of bankruptcies? Off-hand, I'd reply that the lads are pretty much alike. It's my observation that most gents, from Richard the First to Roosevelt the Second, seek life and the pursuit of happiness in very much the same way. A guy wants a gal and he wants security.

"In feudal times, he won the gal at the point of a lance in some celebrated joust, or to go a bit farther back, with the whack of a caveman's club. In the Middle Ages, there was a lot of pageantry and the heroes of that era were right handsome fellows in their trappings. But I'm not a whit surer they were more heroic than today's lads. Can you imagine Lancelot filling out an income tax return? It takes courage, it seems to me, to make



"I've finished with one phase of my life—call it my Dead End era, if you want to," claims John Garfield.

your way in these parlous times. It requires enormous moxie to labor those long tedious hours in laboratories, or in machine shops, or tramping the pavement selling enough life insurance to win lady fair and a cottage.

"In the old days, a lad could be a great man on sheer physical courage and foolhardiness alone, but today it takes brains plus the toughest kind of perseverance. I believe the modern young fellow is faced with much greater odds in his battle for the things he wants and needs and that he's even more heroic. And I hear tell that, when the day's work is done, today's hero is just as romantic in a rumble seat as his great-great-great-great-grandfather was when he swooped up his girl friend on a charger."

Probably Errol is right. Heroes haven't changed. Their alibis have. In the old days they explained absences with yarns about slaying dragons. Today they say the Ford broke down on a dark road. And the 1940 boy has far greater menaces. I'll take a dragon any day instead of an efficiency expert.

I PUT the query, Would you rather dance or act?, to Ginger Rogers. Ginger, as you know, has been edging away from her dancing slippers. In "Primrose Path" she let her hair down and acted. In "Lucky Partners" she tackles light comedy with Ronald Colman. In "Kitty Foyle" she will do a modern American business girl. All those graceful terpsichorean evolutions with Fred Astaire are in the limbo of the past. What about those dancing shoes? Here's what Ginger told me—



Says Vivien Leigh, "I have recently had a most happy experience working again with Robert Taylor in 'Waterloo Bridge' at Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer."

"I won't say positively that I will never again dance in pictures, but, if I do, it will be solely a matter of story motivation or expediency.

"With the splendid encouragement I have received from my last RKO-Radio non-dancing assignment, I feel that I should definitely continue along the same lines. Dancing is a highly specialized art form, therefore limited in its story and acting possibilities. On the other hand, dramatic, comedy or farcical parts have an unlimited scope for versatile expression. So, you see, these are my future plans. BUT plans and schedules are like the weather—they always change."

The gal wants to act, I take it, but she is taking no chances on predictions. For my part, I like Ginger in dancing shoes. Who can dance as charmingly, but how many can act just as well? Versatile expression! Give me Ginger in a graceful song and dance. Let the flat footed ingenuities act. I'll take La Rogers set to music.

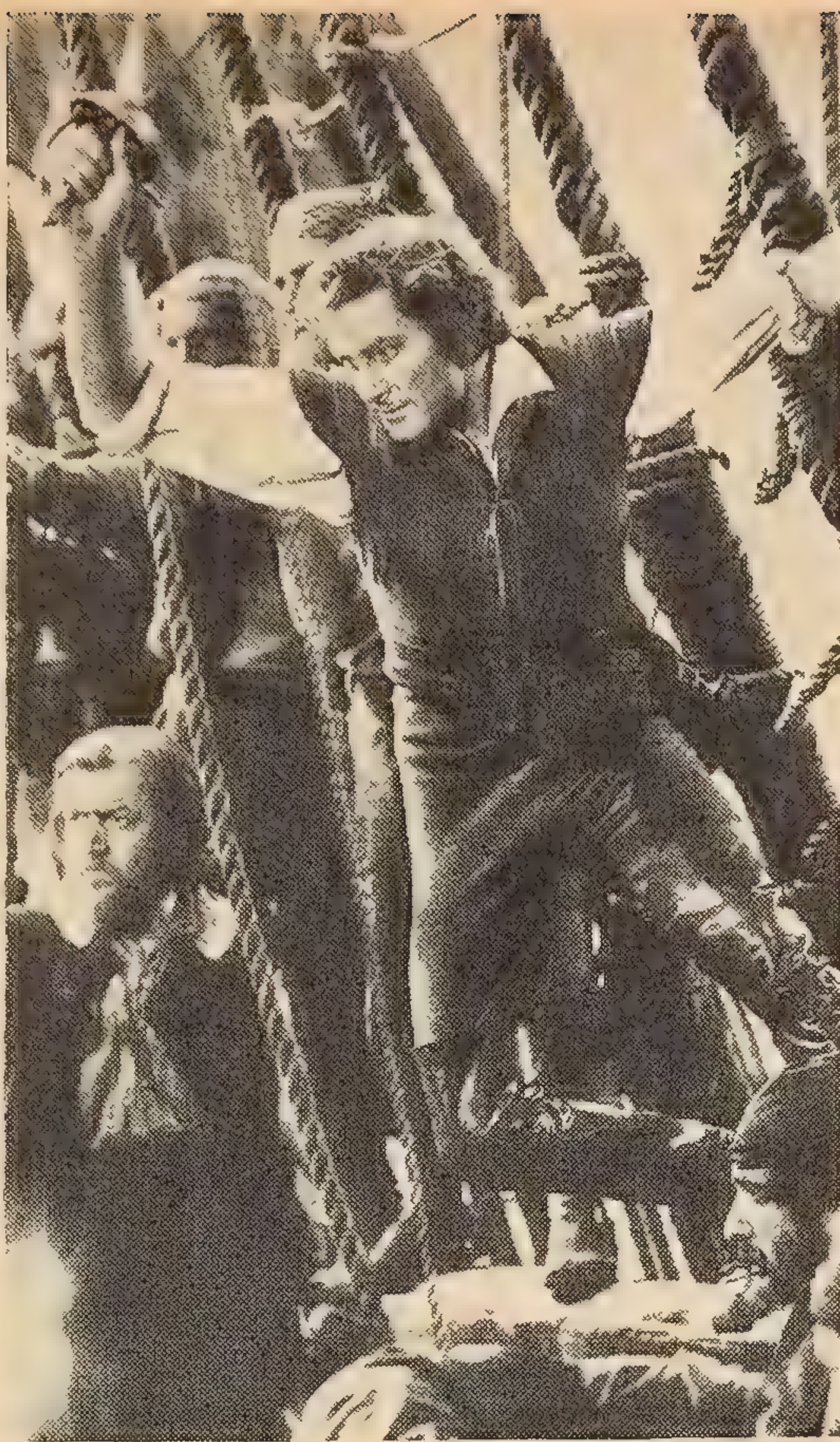
RAY MILLAND is a good looking Englishman with possibilities. He has been doing routine leads—stalwart young men who respond, usually in evening clothes, to the best motives—but there has been little to distinguish him above dozens of other stalwarts responding to the better scenario motives. Says Ray:

"I've been acting a lot of colorless chaps and, believe it or not, I've been happy doing it. I've played them unquestioningly, too. I wanted to learn to act. The only way to do that is to get yourself on celluloid as much as possible—and study yourself afterwards. I've been on a lot of celluloid. Now I'm hoping for a real role. Maybe I'm ready. Not that I'm complaining, mind you. It's tough being broke. I know, I've been broke. Hollywood has been a happy spot for me. I appreciate its magic.

"Some things you do are pleasanter than others. I had fun playing in 'Irene' with Anna Neagle. Many's the time we sat on the same casting bench in London



Ray Milland, pictured with luscious Ellen Drew, states, "Some things you do are pleasanter than others."



"I believe the modern young fellow is faced with much greater odds in his battle for the things he wants and needs," insists Errol Flynn.

studios, hoping for a chance. 'Irene' was pretty remote then."

Many folks think that Milland may go back to fight for old England. But he now is an American citizen, having taken out his first papers over two years ago. "I couldn't do anything else," he says, "in view of what America was doing for me." But he still views European events with feeling. Maybe, too, Milland is right about doing a procession of colorless silk hatted chaps without complaint. Maybe that's the way to learn acting. Maybe.

JOSEPH PASTERNAK, the producer who discovered Deanna Durbin, who brought back Marlene Dietrich, says that no star ever becomes passe. He insists—

"No star is ever used up. It is the public that is used up. Producers put stars over and over in the same thing—and exhaust audiences. You always must remember, too, that in an audience of two thousand there are at least five hundred who didn't want to come, who were dragged there and who grimly sit waiting to be shown. You have to hold your friends and win the others. But there is no such thing as a star who is finished. Washed up, I believe is the Hollywood phrase. It is all a matter of bad handling."

Pasternak is obviously right about stars, passe and current. Besides, it's pleasant to hear a Hollywood producer concede that producers can err. Right here let me quote him about W. C. Fields. He says he'd like to direct Fields—if Fields would take direction. "I would like to make him discard tricks, use less routine, put heart into his comedy," says Joe. There you have Fields' failure to achieve film greatness in a single sentence.

[Continued on page 16]



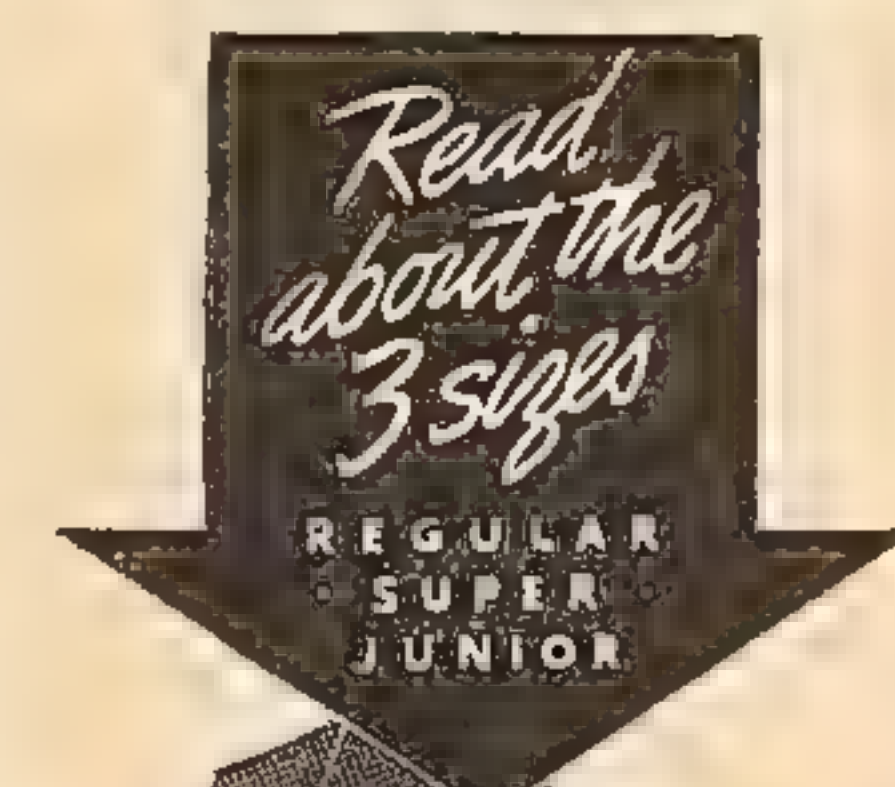
**DON'T WAIT
ANOTHER MONTH
before using Tampax**

**NO BELTS
NO PINS
NO PADS
NO ODOR**

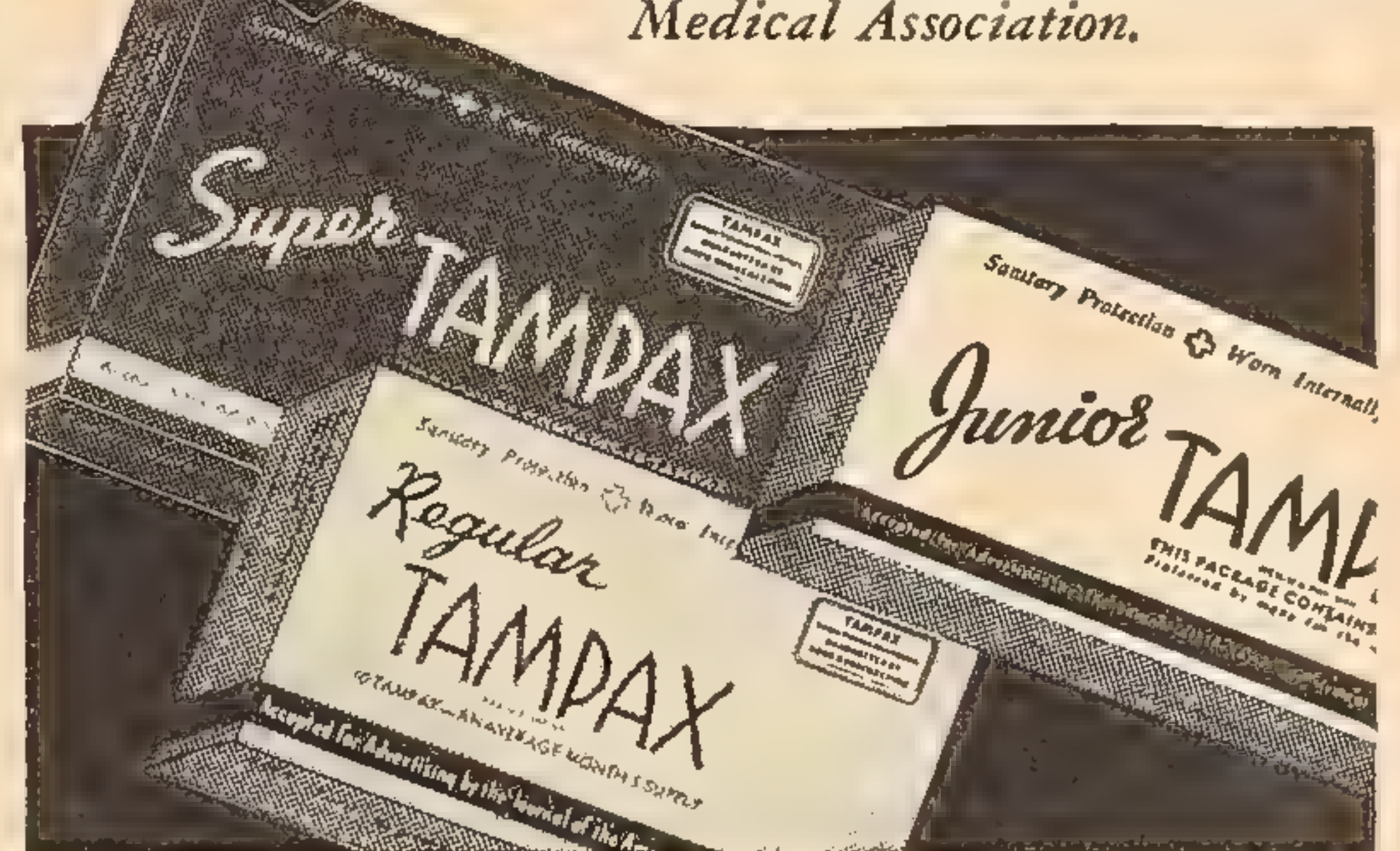
DO YOU REMEMBER how free and unhindered you were as a girl of twelve? What would you give to feel that way again? Would you give a month's trial to Tampax? It would mean the end of all your pin-and-belt troubles, for sure!

Tampax was invented by a doctor, to be worn internally. Made of pure surgical cotton, it works on the principle of gentle absorption, allowing no odor to form; therefore deodorants are unnecessary. No bulging, chafing or visible edge-lines. The wearer does not feel Tampax at all. It is so compact there are no disposal problems.

The big news now is that Tampax comes in three sizes: Regular, Super and Junior, each in dainty one-time-use applicator. They meet every individual need for any time of month. Sold at drug stores and notion counters. Introductory box, 20¢. Full supply for one month now available at new low prices.



Accepted for advertising by the Journal of the American Medical Association.



TAMPAX INCORPORATED
New Brunswick, N. J.

SU-70-D

Please send me in plain wrapper the new trial package of Tampax. I enclose 10¢ (stamps or silver) to cover cost of mailing. Size is checked below.

() REGULAR () SUPER () JUNIOR

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____

Beautiful Legs

Since this important one-third of you is constantly in public view, why not improve it?



SHEATHED in silk, popping from gay sports socks or bared to the world—your legs are just about one-third of *you*, as fashions of the moment go. Everyone sees them more than you, and on practically everyone they make just about as much impression as your face. It is instinctive for the male glance to wander from face to feet or vice versa, and I believe that this glance is



often far more revealing than you realize. For questioning the men on what they do and do not like about girls and women, I found they have an abhorrence for twisted stocking seams and careless feet. So it seems to me that it is highly important to consider just what effect you do create as you walk briskly along a street in your town clothes, dance the South American way or bare yourself to the sun and wind in this good old Summertime.

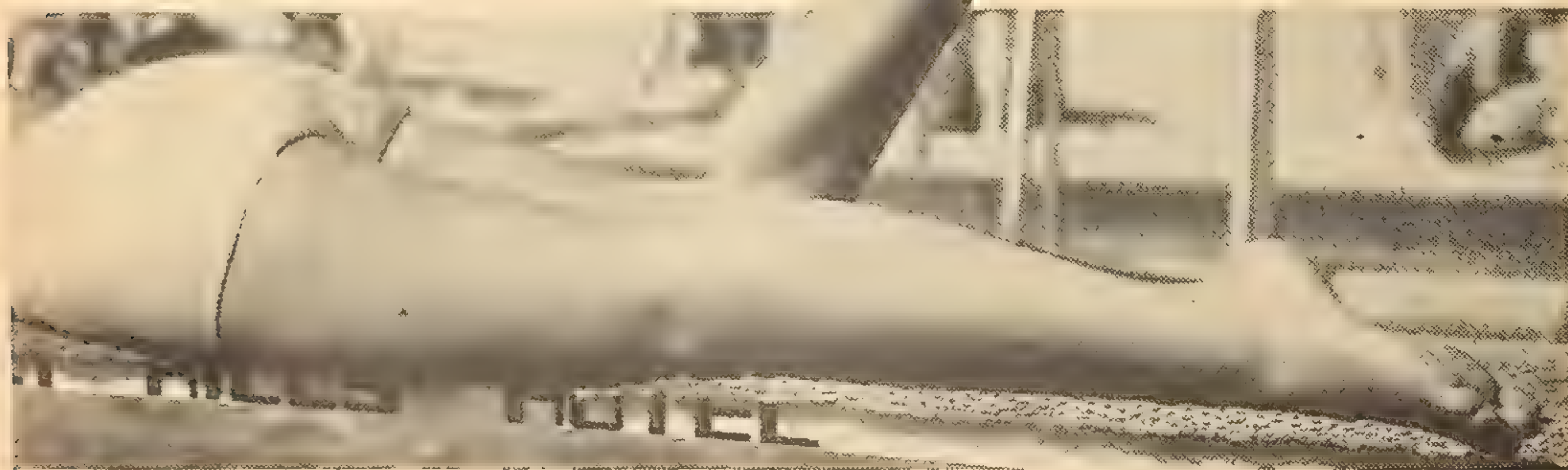
Above: Ginger Rogers takes fastidious care of her legs and they look it. Left: Dorothy Lamour's shapely legs have had much to do with her success.

Just what do your legs add to or subtract from the sum total of you? When you see on the silver screen Dorothy Lamour, Ginger Rogers, Ann Sheridan, Betty Grable, Alice Faye and countless others, do you sigh and wish that Nature had made you as they are? I don't doubt that Nature started these girls in the right way, but I also don't doubt that some thought and action have improved their extremities as they can also improve yours.

Grooming, shapeliness and grace are three points to consider. Grooming is a simple matter of care; their shapeliness can often be improved, actually or by illusion, and grace is something you can learn.

Consider first the quality of your leg skin. Here the skin is often coarser and rougher than elsewhere. You can improve this skin immensely. The first step is a good scrubbing with your favorite toilet soap and water. I don't mean just bathing. Use a bath brush—Pro-phy-lac-tic makes grand ones for general body use, and these brushes represent a real invest-

These well groomed legs belong to Margot Stevenson, Warner Bros. starlet.





By Mary Lee

Left: Betty Grable has "million dollar legs." Below: Suzanne Ridgeway has a graceful pair of legs. Bottom: An important part of Anne Gwynne's allure.

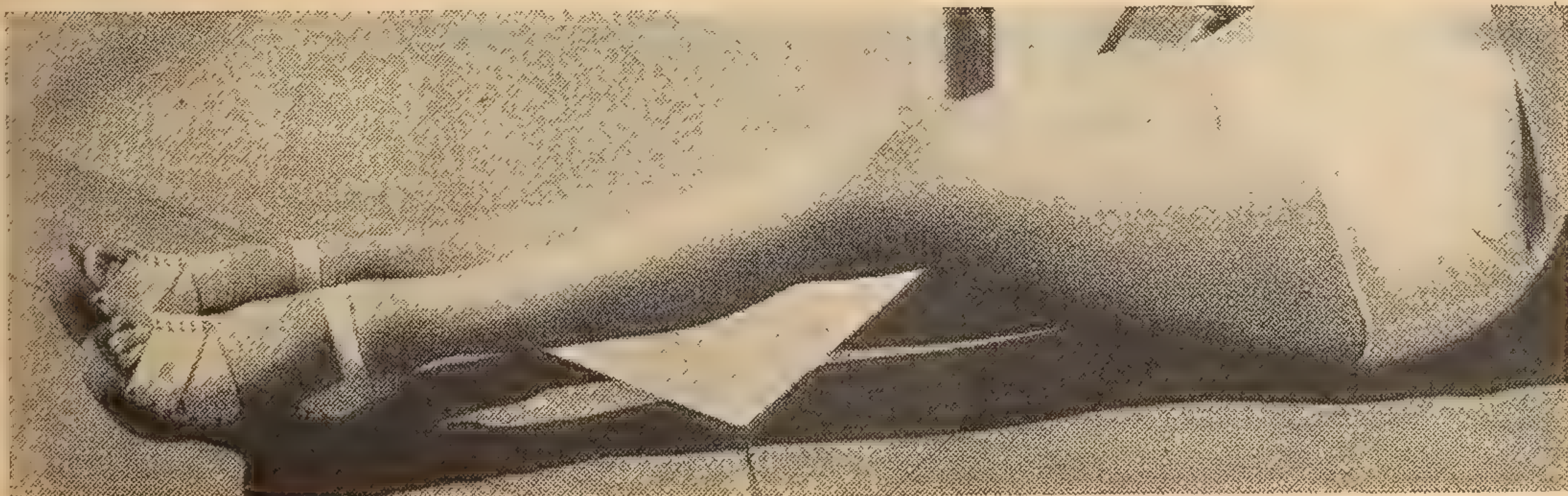


ment in skin beauty generally. Pop into a tub of nice warm water, soap up your brush, and really scrub those legs, especially your knees, where skin often toughens; also the outside calf of the leg. This skin is tough; you can't hurt it, so work until it is warm and pink. Rinse, dry and with palms of hands lave on your favorite hand lotion or cream. Of course, any softening lotion or cream will work, but I suggest the hand types, because these are made to be quickly absorbed with no creamy or sticky after-effects, so that you can either immediately don your stockings or jump into bed without fear of leaving cream or lotion marks. Jergen's Hand Lotion, for example, is splendid for this extra leg beauty. You have no idea how this combined care of scrubbing and softener can keep this leg skin soft, young and lovely. And so when you don your swim or playsuit, you'll be saved that self-consciousness of legs you'd like to hide, and, instead, will be as pleased as Punch about them.

Almost all legs have some hairy growth. In some cases, it is so soft and light as to be almost unnoticeable. Again, it is disturbingly noticeable, and seems to mark you as lacking in fastidiousness and care as would a soiled face or scrubby fingers.

And it is just as unattractive when it mars the mirror-clear sheerness of hosiery as when it blatantly appears on tennis court, beach or what have you. The answer to this situation is a good hair remover. Some like the cream remover method; some like the abrasive discs that are rotated over the skin almost like a powder puff and gently rub off this hair. A number of cream depilatories now have the added grace of being practically odorless. And some, indeed, are perfumed. Perhaps you will recall that because of a very strong and disagreeable odor, you formerly postponed this grooming as long as possible. Well, that is now gone, and the creams, themselves, seem more gentle, effective and easy to use. That is progress for you! Whichever method you use, do please read directions carefully and fol-

[Continued on page 17]



ANN SHERIDAN starring in the new Warner Bros. picture "TORRID ZONE"... with make-up by Perc Westmore.



WESTMORE SAYS: FOR A

Lovelier Face

"UNDER THE SUN"

WESTMORE

FOUNDATION CREAM



1. Helps protect your skin from sun and wind
2. Lasts through work and play
3. Stays on through a swim

With Westmore Powder to match . . . for that enviable, velvety-smooth look!

Under this summer's sun look your loveliest with the make-up we created for Hollywood stars. Be protected, too, against sun and wind. In four glowing tones at your drug or department store, with other Westmore cosmetics to complete an alluring make-up. 50¢ each. Smaller sizes at variety stores.

SEND FOR "Westmore's Make-up Guide"—gives you the make-up pattern for *your* particular face type—just as it's used for the star of your type! Send 25¢ to House of Westmore, Inc., 730 Fifth Ave., N. Y. C. (Dept. F-7.)



House of **WESTMORE**
HOLLYWOOD



ALICE FAYE, who came from singing with Rudy Vallee's orchestra to film stardom, is glad she lives in these times. Even though a certain feminine security has been lost, along with silly fashion modes. Let Alice tell you what she told me:

"I'm glad that I'm living in the unromantic forties rather than in the gay nineties. For ten weeks straight I've been squeezed into corsets for 'Lillian Russell,' squeezed so tightly that when I sang the wardrobe woman had to let old ironsides out a couple of inches. Besides my corset troubles, I was top heavy, with huge hats plumed with ostrich feathers. Remember rats? Well, I wear two of them in my hair to give me a solid pompadour, just as Lillian Russell did.

"The modern girl should be thankful for the freedom in clothes that she has won. I know I am. It's been deeply impressed on me, too, ever since I started the film, how confined women of the nineties were in their activities, as well as in their clothes. Several of the scenes in the movie deal with the suffrage movement. A gal of that day stayed home and sewed and dusted—or else she was a strident hussy.

"The era did possess redeeming features for women, it's true. Girls were more feminine. They probably had more allure, since they didn't reveal everything. And what was most important, they built solid homes. They were the orbit around which revolved their husband's and their children's lives. They made the home far more than just a place to park the hat and sleep."

Alice is right when she realizes this isn't a secure era. Nations and styles and famous folk are toppled in the dust over night. Tomorrow can bring anything. These are hard, adventurous days. Lillian Russell was an idol of a comfortable era that lived according to formula. And I'll watch Alice's performance of the toast of the '90s with interest. Not that I believe Miss Faye is an ideal Lillian Russell. In fact, I can't think of anyone today fitted for the part. That type died with her era.

WHEN John Garfield first went to Hollywood he was afraid of it. Afraid that it would wash out any personality he possessed, jam him into a mould. Now, after over two years, he has paused in his screen career to return to the stage. Hollywood no longer scares him quite as much. Says John:

"I've lost my fear of Hollywood. Of course, I realize that it's a continual menace—and that it can get you mighty quick if you relax the slightest. I know, too, that I owe it a lot. I've learned a great deal making nine pictures. They've been good, bad and indifferent, but they have taught me screen acting, which is poles apart from stage acting. I'm doing a stage play now because I want to pause and consider. I've finished with one phase of my life—call it my Dead End era if you want to—and next I hope to try something new in pictures. We'll see.

"So far in Hollywood I've never fought over money. Only over roles. I want parts with guts. I don't want to be a star. The bigger you are, the more you are in Holly-



Alice Faye, pictured here with Irving Cummings who directed her in "Lillian Russell," admits, "I'm glad I'm living in the unromantic forties rather than in the gay nineties. For ten weeks straight I've been squeezed into corsets. When I sang, old ironsides had to be let out a couple of inches."

wood's power. I just want good roles. I'd love, for instance, to play George Gershwin. Maybe sometime they'll let me.

"Remember, after I landed in Hollywood, how I told you how I was afraid to accumulate things because possessions get you in their power? I still want to own no more than I can take with me on the Chief. But you do acquire books and phonograph records. So I'm weakening a bit. I'd like maybe to get a small place of my own in Connecticut where I could store things like that, where I could retreat in stormy weather. Yes, maybe I'm going soft. But I haven't taken up golf yet. Tennis is my game. I'm even carrying a racket with me on my stage tour."

Garfield has quit the films temporarily to do a stage play, "The Heavenly Express," by Albert Bien. The play, by the way, has been going the rounds of the New York managers for over six years. Something like six years ago Garfield asked Bien for a small role in it, provided it ever got produced. Now he's the star. "I play a pixie hobo," chuckles John. "I strum a guitar and I even sing. But the play has a fantastic charm, I think." Anyway, Garfield has quit Hollywood temporarily. Time out to find a new phase of his film career. You must admit the lad has courage.

VIVIEN LEIGH is now playing Juliet to Laurence Olivier's Romeo on the stage. Every actress wants to do Juliet—but Miss Leigh is doing it chiefly to break away from Scarlett O'Hara. Once you have the biggest film role of a generation, you find the going tough when you try to do something different. I asked Vivien

if she secretly was afraid of Scarlett. Here's what she replied—

"Much as I am indebted to Scarlett O'Hara, I will feel that I have been a failure if I am to be remembered only for that one performance. The danger, I believe, is one every actor dreads. It is being typed. Nothing could be more fatal. More than that, I do not think an actress can afford to make a career out of a single role, no matter how great.

"I cannot deny that playing Scarlett was a great satisfaction. I am not unaware of my good fortune and I am sincerely appreciative of my reception by American audiences. At the same time, I am sure they would soon tire of me as a perennial Scarlett. I know I would tire of a continuous Scarlett portrayal. It is variety that keeps an actress interesting. As for the future, I am not in the least concerned with it. I believe that what a person is doing today is important, not the past or the future. I have recently had a most happy experience working again with Robert Taylor in 'Waterloo Bridge' at Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. Playing 'Romeo and Juliet' with Laurence Olivier on the stage realizes another long cherished ambition for me."

Gracefully put, Miss Leigh. But still there's that hard thinking Dixie gal, Scarlett, to dominate your career. Try and get away from her. Just try. But I shall be in the front row watching your Juliet. Nice girl, Julie, but she never got the breaks. Lacked Scarlett's ingenuity—and ruthlessness. But there I go . . . talking about Scarlett again.

Tips on Pictures

[Continued from page 11]

a thorough going-over before the final fade-out.

THE COURAGEOUS DR. CHRISTIAN (RKO)—Jean Hersholt's characterization of the small town doctor, with which radio listeners are particularly familiar, is puncture-proof entertainment for the entire family. It gives you tears to shed and laughs to unloose. The Dr. Christian series seems destined to become as popular as the Dr. Kildare, Andy Hardy and Jones Family offerings.

THE DOCTOR TAKES A WIFE (Columbia)—Here's the funniest comedy of the current season, with Ray Milland and Loretta Young in the title roles and performing in flawless farcical fashion. The dialogue, direction and supporting players are right in step with Ray and Loretta.

THE SAINT STRIKES BACK (RKO)—George Sanders, again cast as the Saint, is rapidly becoming one of the screen's

most popular players. His performances are consistently good, no matter what the quality of the story. This one happens to be first-rate, so you'll see an entertaining comedy-mystery.

'TIL WE MEET AGAIN (Warners)—You may have seen and enjoyed this a few years ago as "One Way Passage," but this re-make, with Merle Oberon, George Brent, Pat O'Brien and Geraldine Fitzgerald heading the cast, surpasses it in all departments. It is one of the most touching love stories ever to be filmed.

TWO GIRLS ON BROADWAY (M-G-M)—Although this backstage story isn't especially sparkling the performances of Lana Turner, Joan Blondell and George Murphy fortunately are. Lana and George do nobly as a dance team and Joan, in a sympathetic role as the older sister, does a praiseworthy job.

Beautiful Legs

[Continued from page 15]

low them to the t. This is important. And do, please, if you have the slightest doubt as to the immaculacy of your legs, use the remover that seems best adapted to your taste. For it is disillusioning beyond all to see a lovely, groomed face wind up in a pair of careless, neglected legs. Any man will tell you this.

Well, suppose your legs are just as neat as you can possibly make them, what then? Make-up! Yes, make-up with a liquid powder type of preparation. This gives a dramatic and beautiful effect either through sheer stockings or if you go bare-legged. With vacation days here, practically all of us will at one time or another find ourselves in espadrilles or sandals, flat, wedgies or saucy and high-heeled for dancing. But the added glamour and appeal will come when we "pour ourselves a pair of stockings" the Miner way. This means that you will use Miner's Liquid Make-Up, probably in the new and exotic Hawaiian tone. This is warm, rich, a sun-kissed tone of the Tropics. There are also other lovely skin tones if you are of the blonder variety and wish to keep more *au naturel*. Simply pour a little of the liquid in the palm of your hand, apply with fingertips, blending as you do. The effect is velvety, beautiful, a dream of a skin. This Liquid Make-Up is also a secret of soft, glamorous face, neck and arm skin, too, so try it, especially when you want to avoid that over-heated, moist look that Summer always brings. Be sure to try "liquid stockings." They will add to your legs that glamour that lipstick does to the face, and they mean economy, too. You can buy a trial size bottle in the five-and-tens, or a nice big bottle in drug and department stores.

So far, so good, but beauty can't end at your ankles. It must extend to the tip of your toes. And this beauty includes

avoiding or correcting the slightest sign of a corn, callous, bunion or rub, and toes as beautifully pedicured as your fingers are manicured. For the obvious foot troubles mentioned, heaven-sent relief lies in Dr. Scholl's Zino Pads. They come fifteen to the box, with a dozen separate medicated discs, very modestly priced, in correct sizes for the various foot troubles. Aside from the comfort and correction they offer, they are "high styled." They are of a delicate flesh tone, with scalloped edges and look like little beauty patches. Far better to be seen with a dainty patch on your toe than an unattractive, irritated lump. These, by the way, are wonderful protection when you're breaking in new shoes.

If you know the rudiments of a manicure, then you can do a pedicure. Shape, remove cuticle, apply a cuticle oil or cream, wash off and then apply polish. For shaping, there are two aids by Wigder that you find very helpful. The Wigder Nail Clip will quickly, effectively, and far easier than scissors, remove excess nail, and the Wigder Nail File, with triple-cut teeth, will smooth that nail edge to make it prettier and avoid any snag of stockings. These two little implements are beautifully made, extremely useful and will last forever if you don't lose them. You will find both in chain stores and in drug stores.

Nail lacquer will make your toes sparkle as rings do your hands. I think fingers and toes should match, and for Summer a gay color is more beautiful. Of course, your favorite brand of polish will do a beautiful job, but the three new "Beach-comber" colors by La Cross seem particularly appropriate, because they were created with the sand and the sea in mind. Sail Red is a persimmon pink, pastel, but

[Continued on page 74]

New Advance in FEMININE HYGIENE



Gives Hours of Protection

Safe • No Caustic • No Poison • No Burning

Everywhere fastidious women are adopting this new, amazingly safe way in feminine hygiene! Not only to kill germs on contact, but to enjoy continuous protection hours longer—without injury to delicate tissue.

Called Zonitors—these dainty, snow white, greaseless suppositories spread a deep reaching protective coating. To kill germs, bacteria at contact. To cleanse thoroughly. To deodorize—not by masking—but by destroying odor.

Zonitors are most powerful *continuous-action* suppositories... gentle, safe for delicate tissue. Non-caustic, contain no poison. Don't burn or irritate. Help promote gentle healing.

Greaseless, Zonitors are completely removable with water. Nothing to mix, no apparatus needed. Come 12 in package individually sealed in glass bottles. Get Zonitors today at drug-gists. Follow this amazingly safe way in feminine hygiene women are raving about.

FREE revealing booklet, sent in plain envelope, write Zonitors, 1709 Chrysler Bldg., New York City.

Zonitors

WANTED 300 GIRLS

To try NIX, the amazing NEW Deodorant Cream, FREE if not delighted. NIX stops perspiration; ends all underarm odor. NIX is GUARANTEED to protect your clothes from underarm stains and strong, stale odors. A jar of NIX lasts weeks. Used by thousands. Get NIX today at 10c stores. Large Jar NIX 10c. Extra large jar 25c.

FREE: Ask for sample new NIX Bleach Cream at stores. NIX Bleach Cream is the NEW amazing skin lightener. Large jar only 10c.

.. AND I USED TO BE SUCH A SAUSAGE IN THIS DRESS



Look at the Fat I've Lost!

Now you may slim down your face and figure without starvation dieting or back-breaking exercises. Just eat sensibly and take Marmola under the conditions and according to directions on the package.

Marmola Tablets have been sold to the public for more than thirty years. More than twenty million boxes have been distributed during that period.

Marmola is not a cure-all. Marmola is only for adult fat persons whose fatness is caused by a thyroid deficiency (hypothyroidism) but who are otherwise normal and healthy. We do not make any diagnosis as that is the function of your physician, who must be consulted for that purpose. Why not try to lose those ugly, uncomfortable pounds the Marmola way? Get a box of Marmola today from your druggist.

Darryl F. Zanuck's PRODUCTION OF

LILLIAN RUSSELL

ALICE DON HENRY
FAYE • AMECHE • FONDA

Edward *Warren* *Leo*
ARNOLD • WILLIAM • CARRILLO

Helen Westley • Dorothy Peterson
Ernest Truex • Nigel Bruce • Claude
Allister • Lynn Bari • Weber & Fields
Eddie Foy, Jr. • Una O'Connor
Joseph Cawthorn

Directed by Irving Cummings
Associate Producer Gene Markey
Screen Play by William Anthony McGuire
A 20th Century-Fox Picture

The woman whose beauty and glamor had the world at her feet! Diamond Jim Brady showered her with jewels! Bankers, industrialists, the smart and the famous lost their hearts to her! Out of the fascinating story of her life and her loves, Darryl F. Zanuck has created one of the really great motion pictures!

Songs!

Old . . .

"After the Ball is Over",
"Rosie, You Are My Posie",
"The Band Played On"
("Strawberry Blond"),
"My Evening Star".

New . . .

"Adored One", "Blue Love Bird".



Silver Screen

Topics for Gossip

THE last actress to decide to become a human being, it seems, is the muchly disliked (by the press and her fellow workers) Miss Jean Arthur. On location with the "Arizona" company in Tucson, Arizona, Jean has been as palsy as a Barbara Stanwyck or a Bette Davis. She laughs and kids with the crew, plays gags on the director, and has the whole troupe groggy over her good deeds. She who has always been the most standoffish actress in Hollywood! And the entire cast practically fainted one afternoon when Jean announced that she would do publicity pictures!

Shirley Temple is making her last picture for Twentieth Century-Fox, although her contract has fourteen months to go. As soon as she finishes "Young People," her contract will be terminated. Old meanies are saying it's because the Temple pictures, particularly "The Blue Bird," have been laying eggs at the box office. Mrs. Temple says it's because it's time for Shirley to go to school. There is a rumor that Producer Joe Pasternak, who has done such wonders with Deanna Durbin, now has his eye on Shirley.

If you value your eyesight don't go near the Gable ranch out in San Fernando Valley these days. Clark has promised to take Carole fishing as soon as he finishes in "Boom Town," and little Missy Lombard wants to be a professional by then. Every morning she puts a fish-hook on her line and spends hours casting it over in the orange grove. There's nothing half-hearted about Carole. She practiced tennis until she was the best, she practiced shooting until she was the best, and now she's going to practice casting until she's the best.

It certainly doesn't take young players long to get wise



John Hubbard, new Hal Roach discovery, lends a hand and a knee to help lace Elinor Riley's wasp-waist girdle.



Left: Bespectacled Ray Milland and Anna Neagle at the Hollywood premiere of "Irene." Above: Virginia Vale gives an excellent example of how not to eat asparagus. Right: Ginger Rogers and Fred MacMurray do a bit of first-rate squinting and view the recent eclipse of the sun.

to the ways of studio workings these days. When Bill Marshall, handsome young athlete, was signed by Warners for a role in "The Life of Knute Rockne," he quickly found his way to the publicity department and bowled the press agents completely over by asking, "Say, would you boys mind telling me which actress has been assigned to me for a studio romance?" Bet he's keeping his fingers crossed for Harvard's Oomph Girl.

Ginger Rogers and her new romance, Howard Hughes, have been stepping out at Ciro's several times of late, but you very likely won't see any pictures of them together in the magazines. Seems that Howard doesn't like to have his picture taken with Glamour Girls. He thinks it's Bad Business. But instead of being rude to the photographers and antagonizing them he explains his viewpoint and politely asks them not to take his picture. And in appreciation of their cooperation he throws a special party for them at one of the night clubs every year.

Loretta Young and Tom Lewis have that serious look about them. Can they be contemplating matrimony? Loretta was the sensation at Ciro's the other evening in one of those new "apron" dresses. Gray silk jersey with a set-in apron of darker gray.

The young couple who seem to have the most fun in Hollywood are Tyrone Power and Annabella. As soon as one of Ty's pictures is finished they're off on a lark. With ten days between pictures recently Ty and Annabella flew to New York where Ty did a broadcast and they saw several of the new plays, then on to Boston where they saw the Lunts' new show on tryout, and on the tenth day were sitting comfortably in the first row of the Geary Theatre in San Francisco watching the curtain go up on the first night of "Romeo and Juliet," starring Vivien Leigh and Larry Olivier. They certainly don't go in for stagnation, those two.

Sabu, Producer Alexander Korda's little Indian star, who has been visiting in Hollywood, was asked whom he particularly wanted to meet and immediately answered, "Roy Rogers." So, he was taken out to Republic studios to have lunch with his favorite cowboy actor and "Trigger." Trigger went through his

tricks and so intrigued was little Sabu that he begged Roy to make him a present of his famous horse. "Okay," said Roy, "if you'll give me all your elephants and turbans." No deal has been made as yet. Incidentally, the Glamour Girls, who just love their turbans, have been having a grand time taking lessons from Sabu in the proper way to wind them.

When Tony Martin arrived in Hollywood to do a picture Alice Faye immediately ducked out of town and hid herself on a ranch at Victorville. Tony was seen several times with Joan Crawford, and immediately the romance rumors started. But those in the know say that the "new love" in Joan's life is a New York editor. Anyway, the day that "Susan and God" was finished Joan was off to New York! The Crawford-Tone divorce was final a month ago.

Rosalind Russell, in a whole set of starting new hats which she brought back from the East with her, has been dining and dancing these evenings at Ciro's with Fred Brisson, son of movie actor Carl Brisson.

George Brent, who certainly gets around, is now specializing on Ann Sheridan. (This time last year it was Bette Davis. And the year before that Greta Garbo.) The last day of her picture, pretty Miss Ann conveniently developed a cold and had to rush off to the desert to cure it. Mr. Brent, of course, was at Palm Springs, too.

Ellen Drew recently became the first girl to own the contract of a heavyweight prizefighter. Ellen has acquired fifty-one per cent of the contract of Chuck "Gentleman Jim" De Witt, six-foot-four Beverly Hills socialite.

A statistician with a sharp pencil has figured it out that it costs Hollywood more than a million dollars a year to look beautiful. Most of it is spent by the motion picture studios. The average for face powder alone is in excess of \$250,000. The exception to the rule is the Harry Sherman studio where William Boyd stars in the Hopalong Cassidy pictures. Mr. Sherman does not go in for glamour girls in his productions, and claims that his bill for face powder last year was only \$2.10.

Ever since they met on that "Northwest Passage" publicity junket to Boise, Idaho, Ilona Massey and handsome Alan Curtis have been seeing each other—but constantly. [Continued on page 56]

An unusual gathering at Ciro's, (l. to r.) Mary Martin, Richard Halliday, her brand new husband, Frances Robinson, Reginald Gardiner, Myrna Loy and her hubby, Arthur Hornblow.

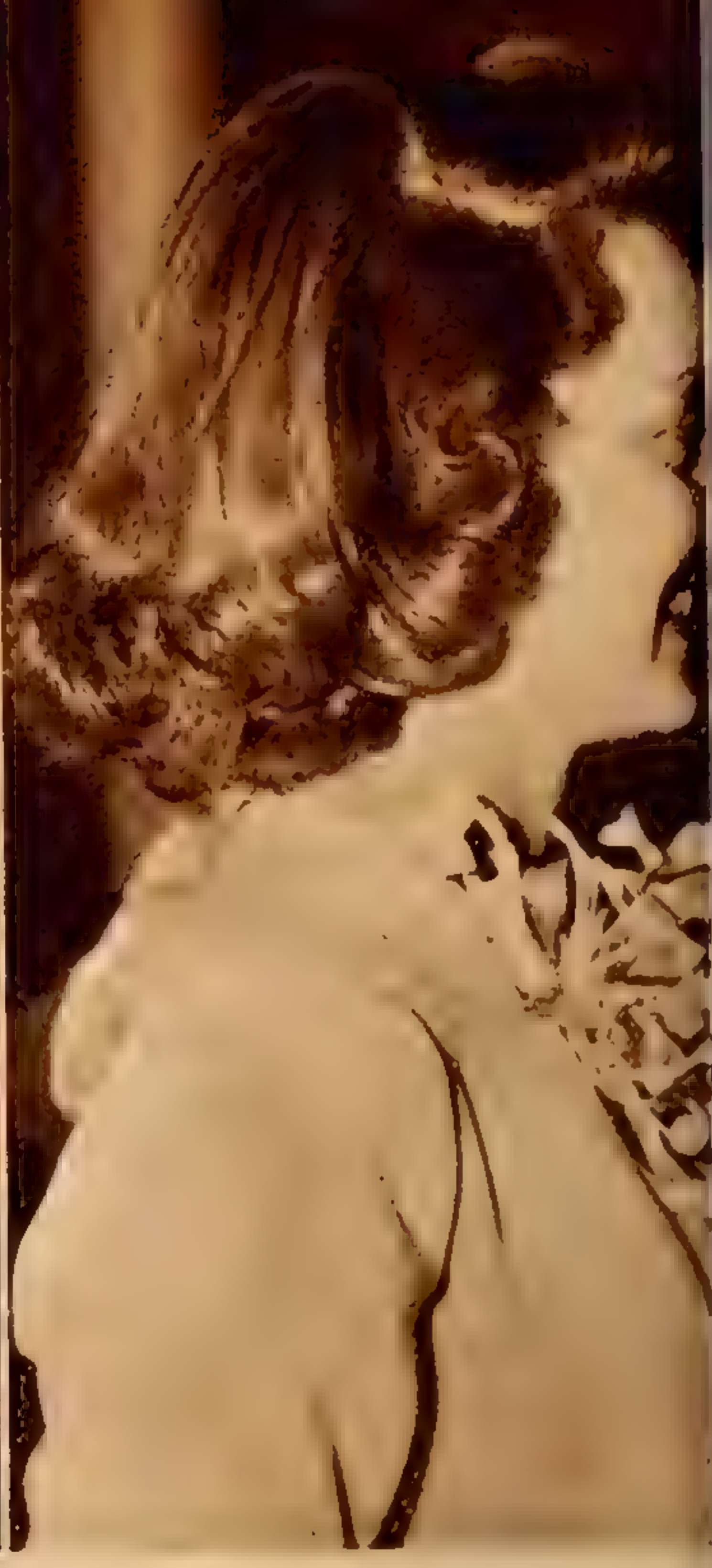
Director Preston Sturges gives Brian Donlevy and Steffi Duna a lift on "Down Went McGinty" set.





Above: Frank Capra is greeted by Loretta Young and Richard Barthelmess at Warner party in his honor. Right: An Earl Carroll Restaurant chorine drags Hugh Herbert to the floor and plants a kiss on his forehead. Below: Ann Sothern dances with old time star, Bill Haines, at Ciro's. Victor Mature with Pat Dane. Below right: The lovebirds, Forrest Tucker and Helen Parrish. Tyrone Power and his wife, Annabella, in huddle with George Cukor.





Lower Left: Bette with Charles Boyer between scenes of "All This And Heaven, Too." **Left:** Director Anatole Litvak describes a scene. **Upper left:** Having a merry time with Dialogue Director Bob Foulk. **Above:** Receiving her crown as Queen of the Movies from Columnist Ed Sullivan after nation-wide poll.

"I NEVER will marry an actor," said Bette Davis, the Davis determination in every vowel and consonant of every clipped, concise word. She added, "I can't think of any worse hell, I'm sorry . . ."

Bette was facing Charles Boyer as she spoke, too. Charles, wearing the ivory pallor and the sideburns of the Duc de Praslin for "All This And Heaven, Too," was lunching at a table near ours. I raised an eyebrow. The eyebrow made implicit the suggestion that any woman who could look at Boyer and announce that she would not marry an actor was less, or more, than human. I reminded Bette of the Boyer's happy married life.

"The statement I have made, unwisely, I am sure, is blanket, not particular," declared Bette. "I might also remark here that if I would not marry an actor it should be equally true that no actor would want to marry me. Charles, then, is an exception. Paul Muni is another. In both of these cases, too, their wives retired from active professional life. I would not retire from active, professional life. I am talking of actors in bulk, and of the very famous ones.

"Don't misunderstand me, I don't dislike actors. It's simply that I would not marry one. It isn't anything they can help. It's just that I dislike the job of acting as it affects a man. The things they have to do and be, happen to be the very things I most dislike in a man.

"I never have been a one for very handsome men. Actors are, for the most part, very handsome men. I dislike men who think about their looks. Actors have to think about their looks. I dislike men who talk about themselves. Actors do, they have to. An automobile salesman talks about the car he is demonstrating; the Fuller Brush man talks about his Fuller brushes. Men must talk about the goods they are selling. An actor is his own 'goods,' you see. An actor sells himself. Therefore he must talk about himself.

"So, I wouldn't marry an actor because, first, I would have the complete belief that his feeling for me would be very fleeting. Five days after we were married (or am I being an optimist?) if anyone else at all attractive came along, I would be Just the Wife and it would be nice to have known me!

"Nor is this holding the cynic's point of view. It's being a realist. Because *Man is not a monogamous animal, at best.* At worst, which is when you are given a man who is the answer to every maiden's and [Continued on page 58]



"I can't think of a worse hell, I'm sorry," confides Bette Davis regarding marriage to an actor. "The things actors have to do and be, happen to be the very things I most dislike in a man."

Above: With Hedy Lamarr whose glamour Bette fully appreciates. *Right:* Admits Bette quite frankly, "Married to an actor, fidelity would be impossible to hope for, I should think."



"I'D NEVER MARRY AN ACTOR!"

SAYS BETTE DAVIS
TO GLADYS HALL

A FRIENDSHIP BUILT

Although they've known each other for twenty years, Jack Benny and Fred Allen never really became friends until each started poking insults at the other on their radio programs

By
Arthur Mason

Jack Benny and Fred Allen are to make a picture together this fall for Paramount. Jack's "Buck Benny Rides Again" was a terrific success. One of its funniest parts was when Jack turned on the radio and got Fred Allen.

ON GAGS AND INSULTS

OUT in Hollywood this summer, Jack Benny and Fred Allen are having the first chance of their lives to sit down together and get well acquainted. Working on their joint picture for Paramount, they will be around with their feet up on the same desk a few days every week and the talk in those sessions will be a caution.

This feud on which their picture and so many radio jokes are based is a lot of window dressing, of course. They have a friendship dating back some twenty years. The way their lives went, however, they never had much chance to sit down and talk.

"When we were in vaudeville," Fred explains, "Jack and I both worked alone or had just one girl with us. To keep the bill balanced, only one comedian like that would be on a show. We never met one another."

Jack knew Freddy (*still Freddy to Jack*) by hearsay mostly, the way nearly everyone knew Freddy. Unlike most actors, Fred always carried a typewriter in his baggage and spent a lot of leisure writing crazy letters to his friends and to the vaudeville papers. Variety was always running a letter from Fred Allen and making him offers to do a weekly funny column. Comedians watched for those, because usually there was at least one joke worth stealing.

Jack was no stranger in vaudeville conversation those years. He was not considered any great shucks as a wit, but he was a lovely companion for an evening. Actors who fancied themselves as wits always seemed to sparkle more the nights Jack was around. He was willing to tackle any of them, no matter how overwhelming the odds that he would come off second best.

There was a day when he played on a bill with Frank Fay, then considered the king of jokesmiths on the two-a-day time. Young Jack and young Bert Wheeler concocted a plan to make the big fellow quail.

In the middle of Fay's act, out came the two mischievous youngsters with their carefully planned interruption.

"Beg pardon, [*Continued on page 59*]"

Fred Allen is quite different from Jack Benny. Jack prefers lots of friends around, while Fred prefers his own company. He's a regular hermit. *Below left:* Jack and Fred during their famous broadcast together in New York. *Below right:* Both enjoy each other's brand of humor. Fred writes most of his, himself.



DAWN OF A NEW DAY

After several mediocre roles Laraine Day suddenly has been discovered in Hollywood because of her exquisite performance in "My Son, My Son!" and indications are she'll soon achieve stardom.

By

Frederick James Smith



Above: Laraine in "Dr. Kil-dare's Strange Case," with veteran Lionel Barrymore, one of her earliest and loyal boosters.

Left: She's not interested in athletics, but loves to swim. She lives quietly and has yet to have a cocktail. *Right:* With Robert Shaw in "And One Was Beautiful."





Laraine's childhood sweetheart, Burnett Ferguson, is still first in her affections. He's a Mormon missionary.

HOLLYWOOD has a lot of strange folk within its borders —Mohammedans, Buddhists, Confucianists and a host of others. So why not a Mormon?

Laraine Day is a real, honest-to-goodness Mormon. She goes regularly to the Church of the Latter Day Saints at Long Beach, California; she lives rigidly up to its tenets; she never smokes; she never has touched a drop of alcoholic liquor. Laraine may not be the only Mormon in Hollywood, but she is the prettiest.

When I talked to her at the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Director Robert Sinclair's assistant was removing her eyelashes with great care. "There goes my sex appeal," Miss Day sighed. It seems that Jean Muir had just knocked them a little askew. They had been doing a quarrel scene in "And One Was Beautiful." After repeated slappings, Director Sinclair felt the scene was all right.

"That's one scene in which I put a lot of feeling," said

Laraine, touching her cheeks gingerly. "However, I'm a lucky girl. Doing the thing I most want to do—and being paid for it."

Laraine Day always wanted to be an actress. Even when she lived back in Salt Lake City. And she went about a career pretty systematically. First, however, let me tell something of her background. Her great grandfather, Charles C. Rich, was sent to California by Brigham Young to form a Mormon colony. He bought a tract of land for \$600, but the colony flopped and Rich returned to Utah. Her father, Clarence Irwin Johnson, besides being a contractor, is a student of Indian lore, an interpreter in Utah, spending part of his time with his family in Cheviot Hills, back of Culver City. Laraine has three brothers and sisters, De Arman, Narville and Therma, besides a twin brother, Lamar. The names, a trifle odd, are derived from the family's French ancestry.

Right now Laraine is looked upon as one of the finds of the year. She walked away with the [Continued on page 64]

CARY
GRANT

Having contributed his customary adroitness to "His Favorite Wife," Cary is now busy making "The Howards of Virginia."



CONSTANCE
MOORE

Constance is featured in
the gay and hilarious
musical film, "La Conga
Nights," now being
released by Universal.

FRED
MacMURRAY

Fred never has been more at ease with a role than in Columbia's "Too Many Husbands," with Jean Arthur and Melvyn Douglas.



RITA
JOHNSON

The beauty and talents of Rita are now to be seen in "Edison, the Man," which stars Spencer Tracy as the renown inventor.

MAGNETIC!

These enticing and gifted creatures obviously must be included among the personalities who readily attract and hold your attention



Above: The war in Europe brought about Luli Deste's welcome return to Hollywood where she has just completed "Ski Patrol," a story of Finnish-Russian hostilities. Her next appearance will be in "South to Karanga."



Right: Twentieth Century-Fox is particularly proud these days of the progress being made by its seductive starlet, Mary Beth Hughes. She was recently seen with Cesar Romero in "Lucky Cisco Kid" and is now in "Four Sons," a war story.



Voluptuous Brenda Marshall, about whom the Warners have much to be excited, is next to be seen opposite Errol Flynn in "The Sea Hawk." Below: Miriam Hopkins' captivating performance in "Virginia City," as the spy and cafe entertainer, reminded all once again that she is one of our most alluring actresses.

MITCHELL

You know of his Hollywood triumphs; here's what happens before they start.



Lower left: Vivien Leigh and Thomas Mitchell, recently honored with Academy Awards. Left: Thomas Mitchell as he appeared as the father of Scarlett O'Hara in "Gone With The Wind." Above: With Isabel Jewell in a scene from "Lost Horizon," directed by Frank Capra. Right: In his latest offering, "Three Cheers For The Irish," he is seen with Dennis Morgan who's headed for stardom.



HE DOESN'T possess Clark Gable's 186,000 volts of sex appeal, nor Charles Boyer's magnetism, nor Robert Taylor's profile, nor the wholesomeness of young Mr. Power. But put him in a picture with any or all of these worthies and consternation stalks abroad. The stars get worried. There's a general cry of "Look to your laurels, boys; here he comes."

His name is Thomas Mitchell, by God's grace the niftiest character actor in Hollywood, whose presence in a picture is a prelude to grand larceny right down to the script girl's lunch money.

They gave him a piddling part in "Lost Horizon" (*toward the end at that*) as the earthy but well-intentioned embezzler and he was showered with hosannas by the critics.

In "Stagecoach" he did such a nice job of playing the rum-ridden medico that he promptly romped off with the picture.

"Theodora Goes Wild" had the Mitchell magic indelibly woven into it. As for "The Hurricane," it was a back drop for a Mitchell field day.

Small wonder that Jean Arthur, herself, was later to confess, with great relief, that during "Mr. Smith Goes to Washington" she was forced to extend herself in order to keep from being overshadowed by the magnificence of the Mitchell performance.

"What do you do with a guy like that?" Master-Jimmy Stewart wants to know. "He makes you look second-rate even without trying."

The Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences made a stab in the right direction not so long ago. It presented this same Mr. Thomas Mitchell with an award for the best supporting role (*male, of course*) for the year 1939, hailing his characterization in "Stagecoach" as "human, moving and

he Magnificent

By
ohn R.
ranchey



Left: Thomas Mitchell, as the Washington correspondent, with Jimmy Stewart in "Mr. Smith Goes To Washington." Above: As the drunken doctor in a scene with Mary Astor from "Hurricane." Upper right: It was his performance as Doc Boone in "Stagecoach" that won for Mitchell the award for the Best Supporting Actor. Lower right: With Claire Trevor in a scene from "Stagecoach," a 1939 hit.

unforgettable." The same may be said of any of his roles. For nigh on to twenty-five years Thomas Mitchell has been breathing life into a collection of the most unforgettable characters of our little planet that you couldn't dream up even under the influence of marijuana. Brawling gentry and plumbers, confidence men and buffoons, reporters and medicine men, hoboes and Rotarians, killers and Milque-toasts, but all of them distinguished by the same astonishing capacity for translating to a piece of film a living personage, just as he is. It is this ability to breathe life into human beings and to endow them with an existence apart from the actor in the role which has made Thomas Mitchell the most sought-out (and expensive) free lance supporting player in Hollywood, an actor who turns down fully as many roles as he plays, with the laconic shrug, "I'm sorry. But I don't believe in that character. He doesn't possess reality." These words of wisdom tossed off so nonchalantly hail, of all things, from the very Mr. Thomas Mitchell who three years ago was cooling his heels in Hollywood trying to convince the studio caliphs that the films needed him. Not from hunger, mind you. Oh, no. He may have been an unknown quantity to the cinema satraps during those months when he prowled around Hollywood as lackadaisical as a hero out of Horatio Alger, but back in New York the town was still numb with the memory of him. It was Mitchell the magnificent who, long before Orson Welles quit chewing licorice whilst he read his Shakespeare at the age of eight, had achieved the fantastic record which we will summarize as follows:

A. He had appeared in something like five hundred [Continued on page 69]



SOME folks collect first editions, some collect penguins, some collect stamps, I don't know why, and still others, the lugs, collect mortgages—but me now, I collect Amusing People. I find it a pleasant and rather inexpensive hobby—except on those rare occasions when a half-witted waiter in a smart restaurant puts the check in my anemic fingers. And at times like that, believe me, no one is amusing.

Well, there I was at a Hollywood party—what again?—and trying to decide whether or not to add Gene Autry to my collection, when across the room I heard the grandest guffaw. Natural, infectious, and as Southern as grits and gravy. Edging in on the guffawer—I take to laughs like a duck to water—I suddenly found myself shaking hands with the most refreshing personality I have met in Hollywood in many a month. Miss Judy Canova of the hill-billy Canovas. Or, as Rudy Vallee likes to introduce her, “the Jenny Lind of the Ozarks.”

“There I was at this very elegant party in a New York pent-house,” Judy was telling a group of people. “I had been on the Vallee program that night and all the guests had been forced by the host to listen in on the broadcast. When I arrived I was introduced to a very distinguished dowager who promptly said, ‘Did you hear that program tonight? I have never heard such screeching and screaming in all my life. That singer, whoever she is, hit so many wrong notes it was perfectly appalling!’ Well, after all, I couldn’t let her get by with that, so I just up and said to her, ‘Madame, I am the singer who screeches and screams. And I’ll have you know that the more wrong notes I hit the more money I make.’”

I immediately collected Miss Judy and put her on a little niche between Bob Benchley and Patsy Kelly.

The girl who grabbed off fame and fortune by hitting the wrong notes started out in life, I discovered, on key. Judy



Judy is secretive about the affairs of her heart, but there's considerable mutual admiration between herself and Rudy Vallee. He likes to call her the “Jenny Lind of the Ozarks.”

It's hard to believe but the same voice that twangs out the hill-billy tunes can also handle operatic classics equally as well. Judy's singing voice goes G above high C.

Canova—not to be confused with Casanova, and Judy says you'd be surprised how many people do—was born in Starke, Florida, twenty-four years ago, and started her vocalizing in her bathtub at the age of two. It was a jolly family, the Canovas, consisting of a mother and father, two sisters and two brothers and more first, second and third cousins than you could shake a stick at. The Canovas were originally Italians, but they migrated to Spain centuries ago, and then on to St. Augustine, Florida, when that part of the United States was a Spanish possession. Whatever there *had* been in the family, and you know what [Continued on page 67]



As Gene Autry looks on, Rudy Vallee crowns Judy Canova Queen of the Hill-Billy entertainers at a reception given in her honor by Republic Pictures upon her arrival in Hollywood.

HILL BILLY QUEEN



Even in the Ozarks they swear she's mountain-bred, but Judy Canova, hill-billy comedienne, hails from the Florida coast!

By
Elizabeth Wilson

Judy has a very smooth, even disposition, but if she finds out that someone has made use of her all hell breaks loose. She dresses extremely well, loves exotic hats, and keeps out of night clubs, except when she is entertaining in them. Her chief hobby is collecting choice cooking recipes.

MARRIAGE



Fredric March and his wife, who enjoyed stardom as Florence Eldridge, have worked out their own practical formula for keeping love alive in marriage

By Jane MacDonald



Above: Fredric March and his wife, Florence Eldridge, in a tender scene from Darryl Zanuck's production of "Les Miserables." *Left:* Fredric March and his wife both have a grand sense of humor which is essential for happiness in marriage. *Right:* The Marches and Charles Laughton in the classic "Les Miserables."



AND THE MARCHES

THE Fredric Marches always have been something of a puzzle to Hollywood.

They never seem to give a thought to the things a great part of Hollywood looks on as "musts." They never have given those spectacular parties where Hollywood goes historical or whimsical or quaintly rural to the tune of enough dollars to lift the farm board's headache, and glamorous Mandys and Rubens caper in overalls and attempt to milk real cows and, as has happened more than once, sit on the real eggs real chickens have laid in real straw.

They've never dived into a swimming pool with all their clothes on. They've never tried to snare royalty. They've never met with invitations to glittering soirees. They've never gone around in old, unbecoming clothes which no one but a movie star would dare wear or donned the attention-demanding dark glasses that are a challenge to every tourist in quest of celebrities.

And in a town where not only the neighbors, but the whole palpitating world, knows exactly what everyone is doing every minute of the day they've managed to keep their own doings and their own lives amazingly private.

There are those who insist the Marches are not good copy. "There's nothing to write about them," they say.

Maybe they're not good copy. Maybe it is dull to be happily married for fourteen years and to have two children whom they adore, and to do exactly the things they want to do. Maybe it's not exciting to live with a dream for years and then to have the wisdom and fortitude and courage to make that dream come true. Maybe it is a bit pokey to throw aside three hundred thousand dollars and the certainty of a Hollywood reputation to take a chance in the theatre to which they had been bred, and from which they had been gone for years, and open in a Broadway play and gamble another half a hundred thousand or so in backing it. Maybe it is humdrum to go through the torture of an opening night heavy with failure and to read the humiliating reviews they knew all Hollywood was reading with them. Maybe it is commonplace to hide their chagrin and disappointment and, refusing to furnish a single alibi for themselves or criticism of their critics, come out with the gayest apology Hollywood or [Continued on page 61]



Upper right: Fredric March with Joan Crawford in "Susan and God," his latest picture. *Above:* The Marches in New York during the run of their stage play, "The American Way." *Right:* Mrs. March as Queen Elizabeth in the film "Mary of Scotland," which co-starred her husband and Katharine Hepburn. Mrs. March likes to think of marriage as "a comfortable, friendly thing" and not as a long, perpetual romance. Her views are quite rare.



UNIVERSAL PICTURES
COMPANY INC

STAY AWAY FROM

Paramount Pictures

This isn't advice just for the movie-struck, but for

SO YOU'D like to come to Hollywood? You'd like to get in the movies, to be feted and wined and dined by handsome movie heroes or fabulously spendthrift film executives? You think because you're the home town's local glamour girl that it follows you would be a photographic and social sensation in the Cinema City.

You're wrong, dear girl, and HOW wrong!

Unquestionably, you've read all the good advice about not coming to Hollywood to try to get in pictures; have read, too, about the overwhelming odds against becoming a star, or even getting work as an extra. There are millions of words of such advice written, warning you to stay home. With that, we're not concerned—although it's all true. But here is another reason:

If you are looking for fun, for lots of dates, for the amiable company of nice young men, then stay home! If you enjoy and desire a social whirl, then **DON'T COME TO HOLLYWOOD!**

Hollywood, one must admit, is the Glamour Town of the world, but don't let the studios' high-pressure publicists fool you. The glamour is manufactured for an eager-to-believe public. And this glamour cannot make Hollywood a Social Heaven. It isn't. To most of the girls in this town, it is dull. In fact, following the whirl of popularity most pretty girls enjoy in their home towns, Hollywood is utterly boring.

Just as an example, consider some of the "names" and then think what chance an unknown has. And remember, too, that a large percentage of the "romances"

and "dates" are arranged only by and for the publicity departments of the various studios.

Think of Joan Crawford. Since her divorce from Franchot Tone she has not been having a particularly gay time. Perhaps, she doesn't want one, but the fact remains that during the past year she has been frequently "going places" with Harry Mines, a local dramatic critic. Harry is a very nice guy, but not the big name: you'd expect to see squiring Joan. She has been dancing with Cesar Romero, but he is Hollywood's favorite date and has been escort for every "name" girl in the Cinema City. Joan even has been escorted by her hair-dresser, Sidney Guilaroff. She says they are all platonic friends, and we believe they are.

Ann Sheridan is seen frequently in the best places, but it was not until she was tagged as the "Oomph Girl" and given a terrific publicity build-up that she became a big part of the so-called social whirl. She was no less lovely two years ago, but she wasn't getting a social tumble then.

Another example is Ginger Rogers. Everyone likes Ginger. She is exceptionally popular, as a friend, but she has lots of quiet evenings at home. All the famous bachelor girls do.

If the glamour girls stay home, or go out with old friends, what chance have YOU?

In addition—and consider this well, all you little hopefuls for screen stardom—Hollywood is the home of more spoiled men than you'd probably find in all the smaller cities of the United States combined!

There is an acute shortage of men,



HOLLYWOOD, GIRLS!

Those who think it's a gay spot for a grand vacation

especially the available bachelors. Cary Grant, Jimmy Stewart, Cesar Romero, Richard Greene and Robert Preston are the leaders of the group. Just recall how many of their "romances" and favorite dates you read about. They escort one glamour girl after another. They are well liked, and not "spoiled" in the sense of being objectionable. It's just that they know they are always in demand. This attitude is absorbed by the lesser lights among the men, and they are the ones who are really SPOILED. They are so far outnumbered by women that they "play the field" and love it!

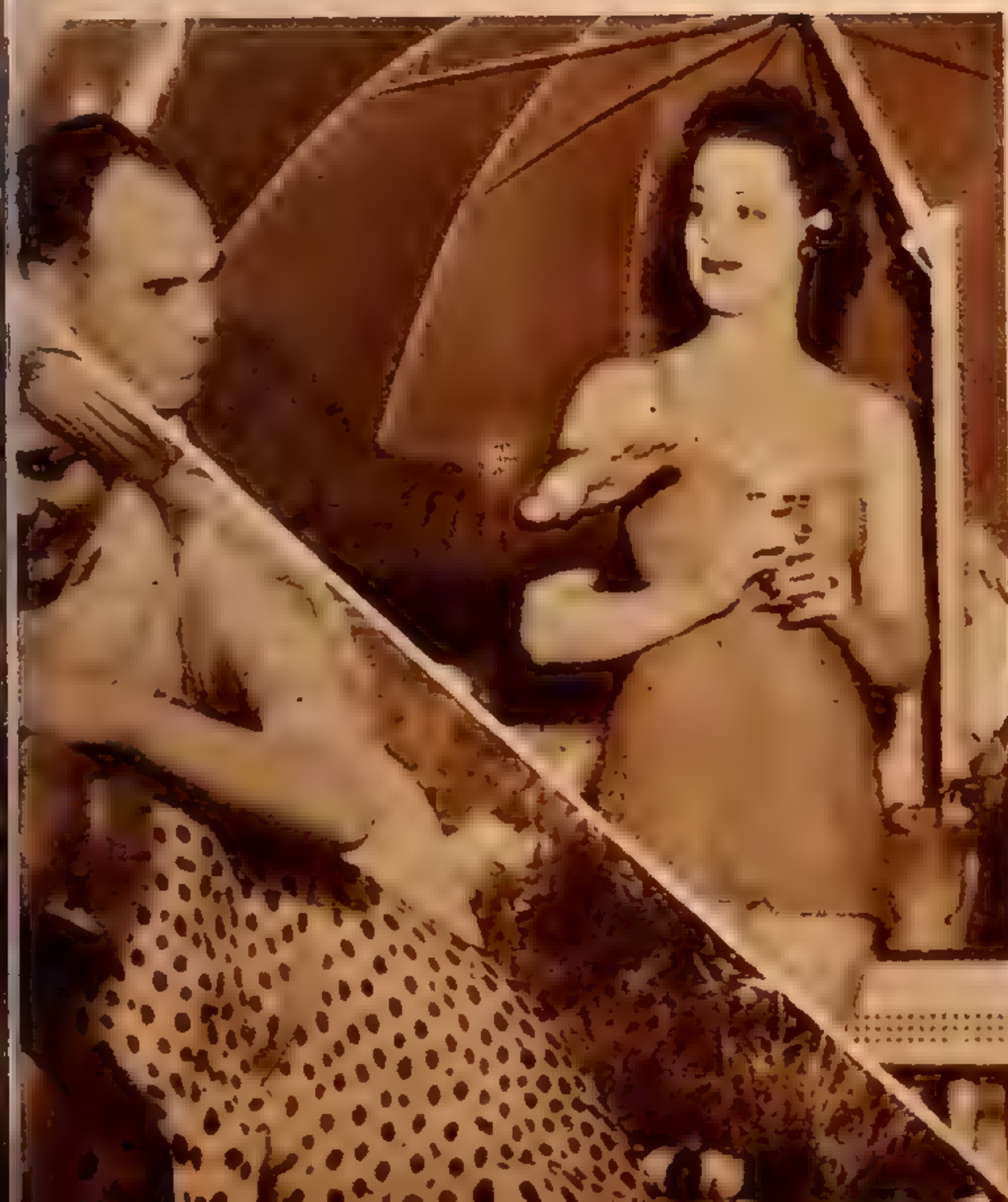
There are very cogent reasons for this entire situation, and in all fairness, it must be admitted that basically, the women are at fault. More about the spoiled men later, but first, let's consider the generalities:

You have undoubtedly read, or heard, repeatedly that Hollywood today is not quite the social whirl it formerly was. It's true. In the first place, there are relatively few "gala premieres," and secondly, they are tiresome after the first few, unless you are merely there to collect autographs. These premieres are usually rounded out with parties, but they are for the stars, producers and studio executives—not the run-of-the-mill picture people. These same people in the upper brackets entertain lavishly now and then, but not on the scale which gave the town the name of "Horrible Hollywood," fifteen years back. No, indeed, for the entire tempo has slowed down. The smart boys and girls of movie fame today are buying suburban or ranch houses, investing their money wisely, and entertaining modestly.

Recall, if you will, how many of the picture "names" now live in ranch homes out in the San Fernando Valley. Carole Lombard and Clark Gable, the Bob Youngs, the Allan Joneses, the Don Ameches and the Lane Sisters are but a few. And they do almost all their entertaining at home—not at night clubs.

Night clubs, in and around Hollywood, are a sad affair at best. Not the good
[Continued on page 66]

By
**Dorothy
Haas**



"SHE HEET DE BOOL'S

"De Rio Grande Keed She Heet De Bool's Eye!"

SO SAYS RKO Pictures in publicity matter sent to theatre operators the length and breadth of the land.

Slightly confused at first glance, the recipient has to delve deeper into the "press book" to learn that "De Rio Grande Keed . . ." is none other than Miss Guadalupe Villalobos Velez, better known on the screen as Lupe Velez.

The rest of it (*and the point of the statement*) ". . . She Heet De Bool's Eye!" he will probably translate into colloquial English as "She Hits The Bull's Eye!" Or, if he is a purist, "She Is Doing Tolerably Well!"

As a matter of fact, Miss Velez (*pronounced "Vel-less," with the accent on the second syllable*) is doing much better than that on the RKO lot with a series of slap-stick, slap-dash, slap-everything feature comedies woven around a theme which is basically Lupe herself—and bearing such names as "The Girl From Mexico" and "Mexican Spitfire."

And most important of all, perhaps, is the undeniable fact that this movie comeback is keeping box-office tills tinkling—the sweetest melody in the world to the ears of theatre managers.

Aided and abused by the rubber-legged Mr. Leon Errol, who has been more or less wasted in films up until now, she has thrown herself into her work—literally.

(*In the following dialog no particular attempt will be made to reproduce her dialect—which is actually much less hit-debool's-eye stuff than you would imagine*).

"I wrote most of those last comedies," began Lupe. She sat backstage at the New York Paramount Theatre being photographed and interviewed simultaneously and exclusively for SILVER SCREEN. "Leon (*Errol*) and I ad-libbed most all of our lines. Like thees—we come on the set and someone says: 'Oke doke, Lupe, you are mad at your husband in thees scene, see?' So I say what I theenk will be funny and, *caramba*, there you are! You look at the shooting-script yourself, most every line is a question mark—we do the dialog!"

That she is able to invent her own speeches is probably due to her stage background—for, like Errol, she is ex-Ziegfeld and more.

Lupe started all of this business when she was thirteen-and-a-half back in Mexico City in a musical comedy. She didn't know how to dance, but they didn't find that out until after the show had closed. Then Richard Bennett—the Richard Bennett—heard about her somehow and sent for her to appear in "The Dove," which he was putting on in a Los Angeles theatre.

"Yeah," she went on, turning her face for the man with the camera and raking her memory for us, "I started off for Los Angeles and then had to go back because I'd forgotten a letter that I needed since I was sooo young. By thees time I was a week late and Mr. Bennett and the director kept asking: 'Where is that girl? Where is that *damned* girl?' Finally, I got to the theatre. The director took one look at me and yelled: 'Take that child off the stage, thees is a rehearsal, not a kindergarten!' *And I was supposed to play opposite Mr. Bennett!* I had tried my hardest to look older—I even wore padding but," she grinned, "I only weighed 92 pounds!"

She whipped out of the dressing room to make a costume change for the benefit of the photographer and returned wearing a white Spanish gown. She fumbled among big bottles of Chanel this-and-that for something and produced one of those beautiful high Spanish combs. She also pulled out a bunch of scallions. "I handed them to Red Skelton today in the show instead of the flowers," she giggled, "and what did he did, the dog? He ate one and blew in my face! I theenk he is a second Bob Hope, that one! Our show is supposed to run 60 minutes, but every day it lasts 90 or so! We [*Continued on page 72*]

In speaking of Johnny Weissmuller, Lupe says, "Because I am supposed to be nuts everyone blames me entirely for the divorce. In some of my movies I act crazy, sure. That's all right for my work, but off stage I am not temperamental." Lupe is definitely *not* a mad Mexican.



EYE!"

Lupe Velez, again a terrific box-office sensation, doesn't mind discussing her life, be it public or private, and does so with her priceless sense of humor

By

William Lynch Vallee

Lupe doesn't intend to marry again and has no current heart-throb. She likes the stage proper, but not personal appearances. She takes them to make money, about \$4,000 a week. She's making another slapstick comedy like her gay "Mexican Spitfire" for RKO.

Exclusive pictures for Silver Screen taken in Lupe's dressing room at N.Y. Paramount Theatre



LOVE IS ALL

What would you do if you came to Hollywood as a team, turned down a grand offer because it was only for you and then found your partner had accepted a job just for himself?

THE other day I drove through the Hollywood the outside world never hears about. Eucalyptus and pepper trees shade its quiet streets, hibiscus and jasmine and bougainvillea fill its gardens with the brilliance of tropical color. But change the trees to elms and maples, the flowers to zinnias and marigolds and morning glories and it becomes any small town in any of these our United States. It has nothing to do with the place you all know as Hollywood.

Housewives come back from market, their arms full of bundles. Husbands leave for work in the morning and come home at night. Children play on the street and boys and girls grow up together and fall in love and marry in just as everyday a fashion as if they didn't live almost within sight of the studios that belong to the other Hollywood, glamour city of the world.

They are so far away from each other these two Hollywoods and yet every once in a while the two become a part of the same pattern. Many of the men and women living there work in the studios as electricians and mechanics and stenographers

and bookkeepers. Walk on its streets and you'll meet people who look vaguely familiar to you and sometimes you'll remember where it is you've seen them before. Only they'll have changed, become older and maybe a little sadder and it will make you a little sadder, too, remembering them as you do in their heyday. For it was on the moving picture screen of another day you last saw them where they used to be the Clark Gables and the Joan Crawford and Bette Davis of that era. Sometimes, and this is the saddest of all, they've changed so that you won't remember them at all, even though they were the idols of your childhood.

Walk a little further and you'll see other faces you don't recognize, faces that in another few years will become as familiar as those of Claudette Colbert and Robert Taylor and Spencer Tracy are today. It was

on a street just like these, that Dorris Bowdon lived before she got her big chance in "Grapes of Wrath" and before she married Nunnally Johnson. For as those quiet streets spell the end of the trail for some, they mark the beginning of it for others and it is as full of entrances as it is of exits.

I know for I lived there for a while myself when I first came to Hollywood. I saw youngsters come into the bungalow court where I lived and I saw some of them fail and I saw a few of them go on to fame. They were all so eager when they came, so young and so full of hope. But none of them were as eager as the young Donnellys.

That isn't their name, of course, just as Eddie and Jean aren't their first names, either. I had

If they had a can of beans for dinner they managed to make it go far enough to include the little girl from Kansas who hadn't found a job yet.

Above: "Well, I guess that's where we're going to live," the young man announced cheerfully as he looked at the apartment for rent sign. It was on one of those quiet side streets in Hollywood you never hear about. Right: Eddie was so darn likeable with his boyish face and wide grin and clear blue eyes and Jean, well Jean looked the sort of girl most men dream of marrying.



HAT MATTERS

By

Elizabeth Benneche Peterson

Photos taken in Hollywood by Gene Lester

just come home from an interview the day their outmoded touring car crawled to a stop in front of the door and gave up.

"Well, I guess this is where we're going to live," the young man announced cheerfully as he looked at the apartment for rent sign swinging from the door. "Lizzie's decided for us."

He gave his wife a rueful glance as he tried to get another spark out of the starter. It was hopeless, but they laughed as they got out of the car and began unloading their things.

First a theatrical trunk, battered and worn, telling its story of honky tonks and one-night stands. Next a roll of bedding and a rickety tin camp stove followed in short order with a carton of groceries, can goods and half-emptied bags of cereal and flour and sugar, telling their story as *(Continued on page 75)*



Above: Sometimes they'd get a week's work at one of the little bars or cheap clubs that Hollywood is so full of, and they'd be as excited as if they were appearing at the Troc or Cocoanut Grove. *Left:* "Have I got news!" he shouted. "A big part on Broadway in the biggest musical comedy of the year. Hurry and help me pack. I'm leaving tonight." *Below:* As soon as Eddie left her, Jean landed a job herself.



Long Live King Cotton.



Maureen O'Hara, beautiful colleen from Dublin, whose current RKO offering is "A Bill of Divorcement," with Adolphe Menjou, rested up after the film at Palm Springs. She included in her wardrobe these smart slacks of beige Herringbone cotton. The jacket is long with four large patch pockets and is tied at the waistline with a linen belt. Brass buttons add to the trim effect. The attractive knotted turban is blue knit.

Maureen plays ball with her Scottie, as she wears a two-piece ensemble of old-fashioned gingham. The blouse, belt and the huge satchel pocket at her hip are striped pink and ivory. The skirt is pink. To bind down her hair, Maureen chose a triple strand of wooden beads tinted pink, ivory and pale blue. Cotton fabrics are cool.





Charming Maureen O'Hara, RKO's newest star, leans toward cotton fabrics in choosing summer wear

Red 'n' yella, catch a fella is the motto of this novel playtime ensemble of unbleached muslin, the colors and pattern hand-blocked. One trouser leg is red with a yellow pattern; the other is yellow with a red pattern. The halter is yellow. A long coat, also included, is reversible, red on one side and yellow on the other. The ensemble fits nicely over a swim suit.

Three little fishies and then some decorate the enormous skirt of Maureen's informal dinner frock of unbleached muslin. The nautical emblems are hand-blocked in skipper blue. The stripes and wide belt are bright red. The bodice is blue. Maureen selected this as her favorite frock among all those in her Palm Springs wardrobe.



The cotton Indian print—Aztec to be exact—of Maureen's ultra-modern turban and hand-bag is bright red, printed in darker red, deep blue and beige. The accessories are in striking contrast to Maureen's tropic linen suit.



Maureen O'Hara in a cotton playtime ensemble of back-and-forth, up-and-down stripes. The stripes are overall blue, pink and beige. The jacket has diagonal pockets and the shorts have patch pockets. Maureen's next film is "One of Six Girls."



A dinner frock of ordinary unbleached muslin, designed especially for resort wear. It is hand-blocked in forest green and chartreuse, particularly charming colors with Maureen's auburn hair. Right: A denim blue gingham frock with huge pockets banded with white eyelet embroidery. Matching embroidery trims bodice and fitted waistband.





Ideal for a summer's evening is this cool cotton dance frock in pastel colors. It is of pale blue dotted Swiss, the embroidered dots in blush pink. The full-skirted dress, with its wide fitted waistband, gathered bodice, is worn over a wide-ruffled petticoat of blue taffeta. Her hat is blue with a pink straw crown.



Maureen chooses dusty pink for this casual summer ensemble. Her silk shirt is striped in rose, dusty pink and rose beige. Silk jersey skirt—note front fullness. Pockets are set high on shoulders.





FOR the past few years, Carole Landis appeared in several pictures, but always in roles so unimportant that you probably never noticed her. But Hal Roach did. And when he started casting for his spectacle, "One Million B. C.," he gave her the feminine lead, because he remembered she was just the versatile type he was looking for. Carole did so well, Hal Roach gave her a starring role in "Turnabout." *Left:* As she appears in the serious "One Million B. C." *Below:* With John Hubbard in the hilarious "Turnabout," in which Carole blends glamour with comedy.



**WE POINT
WITH PRIDE**



TO
CAROLE LANDIS

Particularly Pulsating!



Kisses, the hors d'oeuvres of love, always are appetizing whether we be feasting on them or just observing



John Garfield and Anne Shirley about to kiss in "Saturday's Children" in which they appear as man and wife. Although not regarded as one of the great lovers of the screen, John's technique bespeaks impassioned sincerity.

Jo Ann Sayers and Roger Pryor, who appear together in "The Man With Nine Lives," as you'll see them in one of the film's scorchiest scenes. Such embraces look genuine, but the players' hearts are invariably elsewhere.



Loretta Young in a moment of fondness with Ray Milland in "The Doctor Takes A Wife." It's the best comedy of the season. Don't let this scene mislead you. *Below:* Cary Grant and lovely Irene Dunne in "My Favorite Wife."

George Brent and Merle Oberon in "'Til We Meet Again," a heart-warming love story, decidedly worth your while. George, incidentally, whose off-screen romances are so subject to change, is now seeing Ann Sheridan.



Reviews

Direct From
Hollywood

JOHNNY APOLLO

EXCELLENT UNDERWORLD MELODRAMA—
20th Century-Fox

TYRONE POWER and Dorothy Lamour are co-starred in this unusually good melodrama which has to do with prisons and underworld characters. When Edward Arnold, Ty's old man, is sent to prison on a five year stretch for embezzling, Ty turns from college oarsman to muscle man for Lloyd Nolan's mob. He abandons his respectable old family name and takes the name of Johnny Apollo, and eventually ends up in the same prison with his father. He is accused of murdering his father in an attempted prison break, learns that he has been double-crossed by his pal, and at last comes to his senses. Dorothy Lamour, in the best part she has had in many a day, plays Nolan's moll, but in love with Apollo. It's she who straightens everything out in the end and brings father and son together. There's a marvelous bit of character acting done by Charley Grapewin as a scotch-and-milk tippling underworld lawyer who ends up with an icepick in his heart. Notably well staged are Dorothy's two musical numbers, "The Beginning of the End" and "Dancing for Nickels and Dimes."

THE DARK COMMAND

EXCITING GUERRILLA WARFARE—*Republic*

THIS is an intense action story set against the guerrilla days in "bleeding

Right: Lana Turner, George Murphy and Joan Blondell in "Two Girls on Broadway," which is somewhat of a disappointment. Below: Alan Marshal being overly attentive to gorgeous Anna Neagle, English screen favorite, in a scene from "Irene." Comedy with music.

Kansas" during the Civil War. It is packed to the hilt with thrills and gunplay, and climaxed with the historical burning of Lawrence, Kansas. Part fact, and part fiction, the plot concerns those bitter lawless days when Kansas was a Territory, not yet a State, and its settlers were victimized by renegades both from the North and South. Walter Pidgeon plays the famous guerrilla leader Quantrell, who feigns allegiance to either the North or South, whichever fits his purpose, while he pillages the stricken lands and becomes richer and richer. Pitted against him is a wandering cowboy, John Wayne, who fights on the side of law and order. Both men are in love with Claire Trevor, the banker's daughter, and after a misunderstanding with Wayne she marries Pidgeon, but later sees him for the merciless marauder he really is. Roy Rogers, Republic's famous cowboy, plays a straight dramatic role as Claire's brother who caused her break with the cowboy sheriff. Excellent in supporting roles are Marjorie Main, as Quantrell's mother, Porter Hall as the banker, and Gabby Hayes as the

traveling dentist. If it's action you like you'll find plenty of it here.

IRENE

SPARKLING!—*RKO*

IF YOU think of Anna Neagle only as the plain, stiffly starched nurse in the sombre "Edith Cavell" you've got the surprise of your life coming to you when you see her in "Irene." She does a complete turnabout. She's gay, pert, and capricious, and in a Technicolor sequence which shows to excellent advantage her bright red hair and amazingly blue eyes, she really is quite breath-takingly beautiful. With Herbert Wilcox as both producer and director, the American musical comedy "Irene," so dear to the hearts of a past generation, comes to the screen as one of the brightest and gayest pictures of the year. Miss Neagle sings and dances the "Alice Blue Gown" number charmingly. The plot concerns a pert Irish girl named Irene O'Dare who meets Ray Miland, a rich young man, one day on a Long Island estate where she has been sent to measure the cushions. Soon afterwards, she becomes a model in the very smart Madame Lucey's shop—though she doesn't know until the very end that "Madame Lucey" is none other than Ray himself, who had to buy the shop to get her a job. Alan Marshal, another rich young man, becomes Ray's rival, and what with beautiful clothes and rich young playboys Irene really has a time for herself. Excellent in the cast are Billie Burke as Alan's birdbrain mother, May Robson as granny, Doris Nolan as a haughty model, Marsha Hunt as a society girl, Arthur Treacher as a butler—and best of all, Roland Young as a mousey gown shop employee who suddenly be-





Rita Johnson with Eddie Cantor, who forsakes his usual musical extravaganza sort of film for a straight dramatic role in "Forty Little Mothers." Right: Tyrone Power and Dorothy Lamour are co-starred in "Johnny Apollo," an excellent underworld melodrama.



comes the manager and makes things hum. The Harlem jitterbug sequence wherein "Alice Blue Gown" is kidded is in very bad taste. Otherwise it is a very gay and charming production.

TWO GIRLS ON BROADWAY

DULL BACKSTAGE MUSICAL—M-G-M

IF YOU thought backstage musicals had gone out of style you are mistaken. Here's another one. Lana Turner, Joan Blondell, and George Murphy play three ambitious young people from the sticks who storm Broadway together. The agent of a Broadway show sees hidden talent in Lana and George, but will have none of Joan, so she very nobly takes a job in the night club as a cigarette girl in order to give the other two a break. She's just about ready to buy the furniture for the apartment she has rented for George and herself, following their wedding, when she learns that George has fallen in love with baby sister Lana. Lana is all for sacrificing herself by marrying Kent Taylor, a wealthy playboy with five ex-wives, but Joan gets her sacrifice in first and leaves the way clear for a romantic ending. It is a pity to waste such talented people in such an uninspired, dull story. Joan makes the best of every comedy line given her, and George and Lana do extremely well in a couple of dance routines—all three of them deserve better material. But, at least, the picture proves that Lana is a striking young beauty, dances well, and can go far as Metro's modern day version of Clara Bow.

FORTY LITTLE MOTHERS

EDDIE CANTOR IN A SURPRISE ROLE—M-G-M

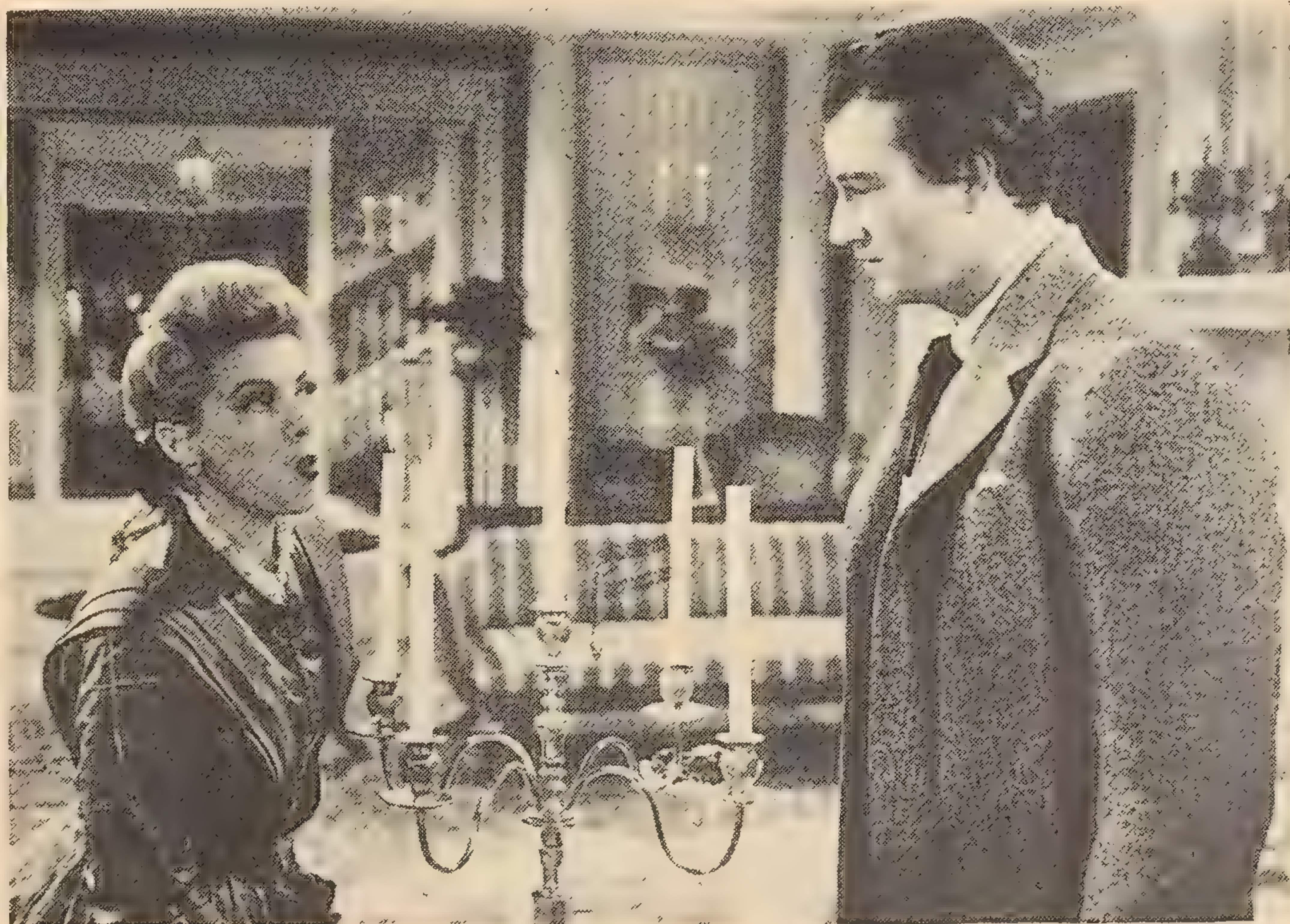
EDDIE CANTOR plays a straight dramatic role in his new picture which has none of those musical comedy trimmings usually found in Cantor productions. Eddie plays Gilbert Jordan Thompson, a nice young fellow, who becomes the "father" of an abandoned baby whom

he names Chum. He gets a professorship in a swanky girls' school and is put through a thorough hazing by the students, because he isn't the romantic type. But when the "forty little mothers" discover that Eddie is a "father" they do a complete switch to his side. Although the plot is rather on the sugary side, Eddie and his baby make it extremely entertaining. You'll fall for Baby Quintanilla hook, line and sinker. Judith Anderson plays the stern head of the school, and Nydia Westman contributes some very gay comedy as Mlle. Cliche, a teacher with quite a flair for romance. Among the "forty little mothers" are such good lookers as Diana Lewis (*Mrs. William Powell*), Bonita Granville, Margaret Early and Charlotte Munier.

[Continued on page 76]



Ann Sheridan and Jeffrey Lynn appear in the amusing "It All Came True." This is easily Ann's best picture and not to be missed. Below: Claire Trevor and John Wayne in "The Dark Command," epic of guerrilla warfare during Civil War Days. Walter Pidgeon is in it, too.





Warner Brothers

OF COURSE, the most important picture here—or anywhere in Hollywood for that matter of that—is “All This And Heaven, Too” which marks Bette Davis’ return to the screen after almost a year’s absence. The picture is adapted from Rachel Field’s best seller of the same name and the part might have been written to order for Bette, although you might say the same of any part she plays, she does such a swell job on all of them.

This is the story of a little French governess who secures a position in the home of a French nobleman (Charles Boyer) and his wife (Barbara O’Neill). She is to instruct their four little children, June Lockhart, Virginia Weidler, Ann Todd and Richard Nichols. Barbara is insanely jealous of M. Boyer and makes both their lives miserable. She takes very little interest in the children and when Charles sees how happy Bette makes them he feels a deep sense of gratitude to her. It gradually becomes something more than gratitude and Bette, orphaned and starved for affection, dares not admit to herself what her feeling is for him. One night as she is standing in her room, looking out the window, there is a knock at the door. Harry Davenport, Boyer’s faithful servant, comes in.

“This is from the master,” he explains, showing her a package. But as she reaches for it he snatches it back. “Not so fast. You can just stand there on tenterhooks for a minute.”

“Is that meant for humor?” she asks quietly.

“Now, humor is a wonderful thing and we shouldn’t waste any that comes our way,” he begins orating. “For instance, there’s humor in the master sending me out in the middle of the night to buy trinkets for the pretty governess. And there’s humor it was me he sent because he knows I can hold my tongue.”

Pictures on the Fire!

Visits to the various studios to watch the stars make forthcoming pictures

By Dick Mook

“There’s no humor in impertinence,” she snaps sharply.

“Now, there’s another thing—impertinence,” he counters. “It’s a privilege that comes with old age and partly makes up for other losses. I’ll give you some old and impertinent advice, mademoiselle—Run! Run out of this house, for your life—if it’s not too late.”

“I haven’t the least idea what you’re talking about,” she hedges.

“I’m talking about a man who has a wife,” he tells her bluntly.

“How dare you!” she blazes. Then her indignation cools. “Pierre, there has never

Edmund Gwenn with three of his daughters and wife in “Pride and Prejudice.” The ladies being (l. to r.) Marsha Hunt, Ann Ruth-erford, Mary Boland and Heather Angel.

been a word or a gesture between the Duke and me that couldn’t be shared by all the spying eyes of the world.”

“And your feelings—could they be shared?” he persists.

“Yes!” she cries.

“Then why,” he chuckles, “do you stand there at this window—not just to-night, but so often? What do you see from here? Is it perhaps the lights in the other wing of the house? Look! There on the left the lights in her rooms are burning—and there on the right the lights in his room are burning—and between them is that long passage where the lights never burn. Suppose some night you saw that passage lighted. Could you share your feelings then with all the world?”

“Get out!” Bette screams, breaking.



Ann Sothorn and Edward G. Robinson in “Brother Orchid,” another gangster film.

Will retire to his plantation—at least for part of the year anyway. What will all the Glamour Girls do without George!

Otto Kruger probably has the topper or "moocher" stories. A panhandler approached him on the boulevard the other day and asked for a hand-out meal. Kruger took him into a nearby restaurant and ordered the biggest dinner on the menu for him.

"I hope," said the hobo, his eye on a huge cocoanut cake, "that that's on the menu. You see it's my anniversary today."

The Errol Flynn's have decided to build an Irish farm house on their eight acre property near Hollywood—that is, if Errol can settle down long enough to okay the plans of the architects.

Bette Davis sailed for Honolulu and a twenty day vacation wearing the locket that Director Tola Litvak gave her for her birthday. When most stars leave on their vacations they are so near the verge of collapse that they just can't be reminded that they may have to work again. But not Bette. The day she left the studio he told everyone she could hardly wait to get back to start "The Letter," her next picture. "The picture opens with me bumping bullets into a man. It's wonderful," Bette raved. But nothing personal we hope, Miss Davis.

The most doting papa in town right now is Ray Milland. Recently, Ray had to fly to New York to do a broadcast. He left his home at three in the afternoon, and by twelve the next day he was phoning his wife Mal from New York. "What's new with the baby?" he asked.

Three minutes after he met Olivia de

Below: While dining with his wife at Ciro's, Fred MacMurray signals a greeting to some friends. Below right: When Eleanor Powell recently announced her engagement to Merrill Pye, they celebrated the event by dining at Ciro's.

Havilland on the set of "Episode," Eddie Albert rushed into the publicity department and asked, "Is Olivia going with anyone?" They suggested he read the gossip columns.

Pet-Peeve of the Month: On the set of "Episode" where Kurt Bernhardt, German director, is making his first Hollywood picture. Olivia de Havilland stops a split second to say hello to a friend and Director Bernhardt snaps his fingers irritably at her to hurry. How dare Director Bernhardt snap his fingers at Melanie? How dare he snap his fingers period. This isn't Europe, Mr. Kurt Bernhardt. That dictator stuff doesn't go here. And when speaking to Melanie, smile.

Muriel Angelus congratulates "Typhoon," young chimpanzee recently adjudged best animal performer of last season. Below: Director George Cukor of "Susan and God" rehearses a scene with Joan Crawford who is co-starred in the film with Fredric March.



"I'd Never Marry An Actor!"

[Continued from page 22]

matron's prayer—well, he will answer *some* of those prayers, let's face it!

"When a woman marries, fidelity is one of the things she has the right to hope for. *Married to an actor, fidelity would be impossible to hope for*, I should think.

"And it doesn't take a psychiatrist to figure out what this would do to me. Leaving my broken heart out of it, if my heart should be genteel enough to break, I would be poisoned at the springs as an actress. My ego, which is necessary to my work, would be punctured like a little toy balloon. My belief in my own importance, in my own attractiveness, no easy belief to hold on to in this Rosebud Garden of Glamour Girls called Hollywood, would be maimed. So, if I married an actor who Loved Me and Left Me, I would be relegated to the ranks of Unwanted Women and the demotion would show in my work. My self-assurance would be crippled, if not murdered. In every way I can think of, the potentialities would be inconceivably awful.

"For even if the calamity I have described didn't happen, even if I married an actor sweet and simple of heart, and amazingly monogamous, and so true to me, *I* might be the one to wake up five and a half days after the ceremony to discover that I was honeymooning with a stuffed shirt. A very beautifully monogrammed shirt, stylized and custom made and all that, but stuffed with an inflated chest, all 'holler, holler, holler' for a' that. I might find that I had married him, not because I truly loved him, but just because I was one of his fans at heart and had been 'got' by over-exposure to his glamour.

"Because if female at all, a woman, even if a star of shining magnitude herself, can't help but be a little flattered when a man millions of women think is divine is attracted to her. Your name in electric lights *doesn't mechanize your heart, you know*. So, both of us might easily be fooled by glamour, he by mine, I by his. And glamour is largely an optical illusion. So that when the scales fall from his eyes or the bloom fades from my cheeks the game, being nothing much more, is up.

"All of us women are afraid of the day when we must lose our looks, when youth will be gone. A woman married to an actor has reason to doubly fear this inevitable hour. A male star can, and does, play opposite girls much younger than himself, often young enough to be his daughter. But the girls are *not* his daughters, nor do they behave as if they were! So it means that with each succeeding year younger and prettier girls come into his life and (*on the screen*) into his arms. Girls look at their idols on the screen and sigh with rapture at the imagined thought of being married to them. Thanks, it's a sinecure I wouldn't care for! Everything in life is a gamble, granted. And love has made fools of wiser women than I. But when the odds are *all* against you, it's insanity to stake your heart on so revolving a wheel.

"Married to a famous actor, your ego

would be frayed at the edges in other ways, too. For instance, a girl I know recently went to a cocktail party with her star husband. The man is a great favorite with women and the women saw to it that this girl felt she should be pretty grateful, should be making constant genuflections to the god she had snared. The god, as it happened, made a fool of himself. And the young wife treated him to a good, wifely tirade. The girls ganged up on her and gave her to understand that she shouldn't treat this glorious creature this way. They all but hissed her.

"If I were married to a famous star I couldn't do for him any of the things the average wife does for the average husband. He would have his valet, his secretary, his agent, his publicist, his chauffeur. He might even have one of those lady secretaries who live in the house and take care of his fan mail, his shopping, his whims and whams. Which would make me feel, as a wife, completely unnecessary, just *completely* unnecessary. And a woman who is made to feel unnecessary in her private life begins to feel unnecessary in her public life, too.

"Married to a star, even his emotional life wouldn't belong to me. Not if he were a big he-glamour-man, it wouldn't. I don't say that he would fall in love with the girls he works with in pictures. That, as a matter of fact and record, seldom happens. But to pretend, even to yourself, that a man's libido doesn't find *some* release in daily and rather intimate contact with beautiful girls and women is to refuse to face the Facts of Life.

"Every woman likes to be the Feminine Influence in her husband's life. She likes to be the lace and filigree, the enchantment, the enticement, the mystery to which the Tired Business Man turns when he leaves his workaday, masculine world. Married to an actor, he'd come home from lace and filigree, enticement and enchantment. He'd come home, not from a humdrum office, a bank, the ticker-tape, but from a tropical jungle, let's say, or some little clandestine chamber in a palace of the Hapsburgs. He'd come home, not from a crisp secretary with flat-soled shoes, you hope, but from a Hedy Lamarr, or a Marlene Dietrich. He'd come home from playing love scenes with nymphs done up in gowns by Orry-Kelly or Adrian and you could scarcely expect his eyes to widen with ecstatic astonishment at sight of you descending the broad hall stair!

"On the other hand, it's very difficult for a man to live with an important woman, even when her importance is not on world parade. And women in this business do become very important, very much on parade. It's a natural thing for a man to try to deflate an important wife. In the world, let's say, she is as big as he is. In the home, then, in order to preserve the proper balance in the relationship (*and I'm still old-fashioned enough to believe that the proper relationship is when the man is the Big Shot*), he feels impelled to tear her down. And usually



Ann Rutherford and her police dog, Brutus, get ready for the Fourth.

tries. And sometimes succeeds. You can easily see what a fatality that would be to an actress wife.

"A famous comedienne once told me that she has never married because she is afraid her husband *wouldn't laugh at her jokes*. And if she fell flat at home, she says, if her husband turned into an audience with a dead pan, it would do something to her, it would sap the springs of her spontaneity, it would make her feel a silly fool instead of a famed farceur. The same thing could happen in reverse.

"There's no audience in the world more difficult for an actress to play to than other actors. Playing a solo through life with an actor-husband as audience would make this little Davis star fall to earth like a clinker of cold ash!

"Or I might come home with a script in which I had great faith, for which I felt great enthusiasm. I might talk it over with my starry spouse and he might not like it. Perhaps, he'd be honest about it. But a lurking doubt as to his motive might assail me . . . 'Maybe he's jealous' this little snake in my Eden might hiss, suggestively. This could go both ways, of course. The effect two actors have on each other, nobody knows. Personal passion doesn't stamp out professional jealousy. When there are two careers, *acting* careers in one spot . . . well, two stars of the zodiac can't, scientifically, occupy the same space at the same time without a cosmic explosion. Two stars of the screen occupying the same space at the same time run a similar risk of cosmic concussion.

"The only kind of woman who can be married to an actor successfully is the

woman who agrees with the actor's public . . . i.e. . . . that he is divine and that she is divinely happy to serve him. *A woman star isn't that kind of a woman.* She has *her* public to consider. It is her duty to take care of herself for her public, or be taken care of, and two coddled celebrities would make a nursery of any home!

"When a woman marries a man, she has the right to hope that she can make life easier for him, smoother, pleasanter. When an actress marries an actor, she has the diametrically opposite effect on his life. She may do all kinds of colorful, exciting, desirable things to his life, I wouldn't know. But she certainly does not make it easier for him, or smoother.

"Each individual works in his own highly individualized way and wants to stick to his own last. I, for instance, am always friendly with people. It's my way. I might marry an actor who would be quite the reverse, who would be secretive, reticent, liking to hide. And if that were his way—well, there I'd be, posing for the candid cameraman while looking my successful worst or telling little things to the press and he'd be staring down at the top of his gentlemanly boot, murder in his heart.

"There would always be the fear of what

the press might print about the other party, too. Me, I'd be sure to say the wrong things about him not being afflicted, or blessed, perhaps, with a curb and bit on my tongue. I never have any fear for myself, I haven't an inhibition nor an evasion in my bones. But marriage to an actor might make me fearful. And fear would do something distorting to me. I can just imagine some story I might give appearing in print and the actor-husband sitting opposite me, cutting the silence with ten knives!

"Even if a husband and wife are working, by chance, in the same picture, their interests are still divided because their interests are still—their own. That's one very good reason why stars who often work together, who have all the emotional advantages of propinquity and proximity, seldom fall in love with each other. For even in their most passionate love scenes, the actor cannot be thinking about *her*, he must be thinking about *his* lines, *his* facial expressions, the bit of business the director has just suggested to *him*. The actress is preoccupied, ditto. A star's life is a solo, you see. Marriage should be a duet. And never the twain should meet . . .

"The most interesting group of men here in Hollywood, the only group of men

eligible for an actress to marry successfully are—the directors. A star married to a director makes for a beautifully balanced relationship. First, and most important, the injured ego of the male wouldn't come into it, because the director would be in the *position of authority*. Then, there are no limits to what the two jobs could do for each other. They would infringe, but never would interfere. Professional jealousy wouldn't enter in, either, because it is in the nature of things for a director to promote a star, it's to the star's best interest for a director to promote himself.

"I *would* marry a director. Or possibly a producer or a writer. I never will marry an actor. I've made my reasons more than clear enough for my own good, no doubt. But to recapitulate: I wouldn't marry an actor because (1) *I couldn't expect fidelity*. (2) *Because I would feel completely unnecessary to his life and* (3) *because while it's natural for a woman to be an actress, it isn't in the nature of man to be an actor. And anything against Nature does funny things . . .*

"I never will marry an actor—I hope," said Miss Davis. She added, "*I can't think of any worse hell, I'm sorry . . .*"

A Friendship Built on Gags and Insults

[Continued from page 25]

Mr. Fay," Jack asked, "but do you memorize all those funny sayings before you come out or do you make them up as you go along?"

Fay turned around with a kindly smile and let the two stand through a weighty, majestic pause. He beamed and placed a kindly hand on Jack's head.

"Bless your little heart," he said. Jack tells that story on himself to this day.

The main significance of that story at the moment is the idea it offers on the sort of youngster Jack was in his pre-radio and movie years. He was playing jokes and relishing his fun; Fred was lugging the typewriter around the circuits. Each of them spoke of the other as a good friend though they seldom met.

The friendship between them that has ripened by remote control the past three seasons really springs entirely from a casual jibe Fred made about 9:42 the night of December 30, 1936. The Fred Allen program brought in a few amateurs every week and this night a ten-year-old, who played the violin, was included.

Fred did not plan his conversation with those amateurs, relying mainly on extemporaneous inspiration. After some talk about the complex violin solo, "The Bee," that the little boy was to play, Fred remarked, "There's a comedian out in Hollywood who used to play the violin. He'll probably feel a little ashamed when he hears what you can do at your age."

The remark was forgotten until next Sunday night when Jack answered on his program, "I could play 'The Bee,' too, when I was ten years old. That's an age for it." The next Wednesday Fred called for witnesses who had heard Jack Benny playing "The Bee" at the age of ten—and the Benny-Allen feud was on. Two casual acquaintances suddenly became

dear and intimate friends, but still mostly by long distance.

Benny was busy with movies in Hollywood and Fred preferred to conduct his radio business from New York. Whenever Jack was in New York, he would drop in on a Fred Allen broadcast, but that was about as much as the two saw of one another. Fred lives the life of a hermit, working on a radio script until the small

hours of every morning.

When Jack visited New York this past spring, he insisted that Fred should move right into the Benny home during the weeks they worked on their picture together. Fred was insisting violently that he would not. He would make a strange house guest.

About mealtime he probably would emerge from his room and then go back



Dorothy Lamour and her mother refreshed themselves with pineapple juice as the press interviewed them upon their arrival in Honolulu. Notice Dot's braces?



The high spot of "La Conga Nights" is the rhumba which Hugh Herbert does with Armida. All the steps are his own and he says Fred Astaire better watch out.

up to books and typewriter. Meanwhile, the sort of a host Jack Benny is would be to sit around fretting about what could have happened to keep good old Freddy from having a good time.

Old friends in New York tell about the way Jack used to love to spend an evening when he lived there. After a show, he would stop in at Lindy's or one of the other actor hangouts and gather a gang of cronies to "come up to our place and sit around for some laughs."

On the way home, Jack would pick up the morning papers. While the conversation was getting under way, Jack would glance quickly through the columns where he might be mentioned and then slip off into a doze. The friends would have all those laughs that had been planned while Jack quietly and happily slept in a corner. When they woke him up around time to go home, he heartily thanked everyone for the swell evening the gang had given him.

Don Wilson tells about Jack in Hollywood.

"He's a great walker," Don says. "To get exercise, he goes out and walks through the hills and comes back to tell what a great day he had. But one side of his face will be all sunburned. He goes

out and finds a nice grassy spot and goes to sleep."

Fred Allen's stays in Hollywood included a minor amount of social life with Jack Benny or anyone else. He has a strange phobia about burdening himself with possessions, so he refuses to have a car.

Distances between places are so great in Hollywood, Fred had to rent a car there. That entailed hiring a chauffeur to drive it, because Fred never has learned to drive himself. After a month of paying rent, Fred called the chauffeur aside.

"With what I'm paying in car rent," Fred offered, "you could be making payments on a car. Why don't I just give that money to you?"

The colored chauffeur liked the arrangement. The only trouble was that Fred had not been specific about what sort of car he might like.

"The chauffeur got his own idea of a nice thing," Fred went on. "We spent the rest of our time in Hollywood running around in a little cream colored Ford. Rolls Royces and a lot of other big cars would be parked in front of a place and up would come the Allens in their queer looking jalopy."

Portland has her own complaints about Fred Allen in Hollywood.

"He spoils all the servants," she says. "He keeps asking them if they like the way things are going and if everything is all right in their treatment. After a while, they won't take orders."

No one knows how much of this strange background for a close friendship will get into the Benny-Allen picture. Most of the script probably will come from the preliminary conversations between the two comedians.

This much has been planned: the picture will present them as a pair of radio comedians who get into a feud. The background will not be primarily radio, however. It will be a musical picture with emphasis on comedy and a title will be selected sometime between now and the release date next fall.

There is comedy material in abundance in the occasional meetings of Allen and Benny in the past. On their broadcasts together, they usually have been funnier during preliminary chats to the studio audience than they were after the microphones actually had been turned on.

Jack was on the stage early one night and asked, "Where is Allen?"

"Here I am, Jack," Fred drawled as he walked up the center aisle. "I have been out there watching the door for you so your audience wouldn't get away."

That was a night when the Benny show had travelled from Hollywood for a brief New York visit. Fred began explaining things to the studio audience.

"Those people under glass," and he pointed to the glass panels of the control room, "are California people. They can't stand the climate here so you see how we put them under glass."

No matter who tackles Fred Allen, the exchanges usually are one-sided and Jack is no exception. "If I only had my writers here, I'd give you an answer, I tell you," Jack has said to Fred many a time.

Jack always warns his studio audience, "You'd better laugh if you ever expect to get in here again."

"You'd better laugh," Fred interrupted one night, "if HE ever expects to get in here again."

Fred told the studio audience another night, "Jack Benny is a very funny man. Five minutes with him and your sides ache. Every time he tells a joke, he punches you in the stomach."

Jack laughs helplessly when Fred cuts loose on him. His professional reputation cannot be helped by having a rival comedian outwit him all evening. But, as far as Benny is concerned, that has nothing to do with the situation. He tries to provoke Fred to retorts, because he loves hearing them.

In one of their first programs together, he came out of the studio red faced with laughter.

"I was afraid Freddy was going to just stick to the script," he said, "and I had to dig into him to get him started. Wasn't he wonderful?"

After Jack left, a few of the people around there had their own ideas of what was wonderful. With people as jealous and petty as they usually are in show business, it was wonderful to find two top men with that sort of an attitude toward

one another. You don't often find it.

Jack loves to plan ideas where he figures Fred can't possibly find a topper for the gag. One night just before a broadcast, he walked into the Fred Allen studio and ostentatiously shook hands with everyone except Fred. Fred watched that for a moment and came up:

"The man Jack just shook hands with is our tester. He shakes hands with visitors to see if they are fit to associate with the rest of us."

Their independent attitude toward the boss is one of the few things Jack and Fred have in common. Last fall, each of their radio sponsors had an elaborate luncheon at which the comedian was to explain his plans for the coming season.

The newspapermen and a lot of vice presidents were there.

Jack confined his remarks mainly to abuse of the sponsor for letting Kenny Baker go. Fred said his program probably would suffer greatly because of a lot of wild suggestions the sponsor was making.

Neither one of them has the flossy air of hypocrisy that usually comes after a few years on the stage or in pictures. There is the real foundation for the affection they feel toward one another.

A good sample is Jack's remarks one year when he came home from a vacation in Europe. "Oh, great!" he was telling his friends about the time he had had. Then he paused to be more explicit.

"After you pack and unpack everywhere you go, you begin thinking you

could have had just as much fun right at home. With your wife along, there's no end to that packing."

Jack had another picture coming up then.

"We were in some wonderful restaurants over there," he went on, "and I'm a guy who likes to eat. But I never can because it puts weight on me so fast. Isn't that awful?"

This Benny-Allen picture should be something worth seeing. But it's a shame to think of those preliminary conversations between that pair slipping off into thin air. Unless times are very tough this summer, Paramount ought to slip a stenographer into a corner and save those remarks. There has not been much talk as good as that going on in any age.

Marriage and the Marches

[Continued from page 39]

Broadway has ever known. Maybe it is flat to go on from that failure and do the same thing all over again and triumph in the year's smash hit.

Maybe. But of course that's for you to decide.

That ad which appeared in every New York paper close on the heels of those devastating reviews of "Yr. Obedient Husband," showed a drawing of a trapeze artist in the act of missing in mid-air. The caption read, "Oops! Sorry!", and was signed Fredric and Florence March.

"They gave us more credit for the gesture than for all the hard work we had put in while producing the play," Florence Eldridge said the other day in her husband's dressing room at the M-G-M Studios where he is co-starring with Joan Crawford in "Susan and God." They were eating their lunch as we talked, the simple lunch of most stage people, iced orange juice, a sandwich, a cigarette for dessert.

Fredric March poured himself a glass of fruit juice, bit into a sandwich and tilted back in his chair.

"It was a bit embarrassing to hear all the salvos we got for taking a chance on "The American Way" after the licking we got in "Yr. Obedient Husband," he grinned. "We didn't feel we deserved them. After all, we had to make another try for our own sakes and we knew we couldn't be quite as much of a flop as we had been. Nobody could."

They're nice those Marches. They take success with as much dignity and humor as they take failure. They have a sense of values and their own code of ethics and they bring those values and ethics to everything they undertake. They've brought them to their marriage, too. It's no haphazard chance that they've continued to be happy together in a profession noted for its matrimonial failures.

Individuals though they are, the Marches think alike. As different in personality as two such highly individualistic persons must be they share a common viewpoint. There's an easiness between them, a rhythmic flow that two people seldom attain. They belong together. That doesn't just happen. A successful marriage takes as much trying and as much thought as a successful career. Marriage isn't the lot-

tery people like to tell themselves it is.

For all the aura of romance surrounding them the Marches are as hard-thinking a pair of moderns as ever looked on a realistic world. There isn't one scrap of pastel-tinted theorizing between them. After all, happy people don't have to look for sentimental escapes from reality. They look on things as they are and find them good.

So, if you want to hear any of the old saws and bromides on marriage don't go to the Marches for them. They've got

their own ideas about it and they don't come in pretty made-to-order packages tied with pink ribbons and trimmed with nose-gays.

"I think it's awful to think of the ideal marriage as a long, perpetual romance," Florence March said in that quiet incisive way she has of speaking. "Marriage is so much better than that. I like to think of it as a comfortable, friendly thing."

"There's been so much froth written on ways of keeping a husband's love. All sorts of advice that would leave any



Fascinating June Duprez, the English star, enjoys a vacation after finishing "Thief of Bagdad," which was started in England and completed in Hollywood.

woman attempting to follow it exhausted and breathless in her determination to make herself over into something she isn't, and keep her straining in the attempt to get herself an A A A rating in the arts and her knowledge of current events and her quota of bright sayings and witty remarks."

Her candid eyes crinkled in the corners and her laugh dismissed the columns and columns of empty words that have been written on the subject.

She knows how superficial some of those writings can be, that any woman trying to keep up with just a fraction of the glib advice would be left exhausted physically and mentally. She knows too that if marriage were a question of cultural attainments or the latest hair-do or most becoming make-up or attractive clothes there would be many more happy marriages in the world today than there are. It isn't that simple. Externals don't count that much. The roots on which a marriage grows don't spring from beauty parlors or libraries. They spring from the heart and brain of a man and a woman.

"After all," she went on, "the friends we enjoy most are the ones we feel comfortable with, the ones we can relax with and with whom we can be ourselves. A friendship that needs constant mental priming and emotional props wouldn't be worth much to anyone. So why try to make marriage, the most important human relationship of all, that sort of superficial thing. I'd hate to sit home all day taking notes on stimulating conversation and thinking up clever things to say to my husband when he came home."

Fredric March grinned.

"Why, dear," he pretended chagrin. "That's how I thought you did spend your days, thinking up quips for me."

Probably no stage or screen married couple have given up more for each other than the Marches have. Theirs has been a give and take attitude that has spelled happiness from the beginning.

They've both sacrificed for each other. They've both accepted sacrifices. And sometimes it is far more difficult to be on the receiving end of a sacrifice than to be the one who makes it.

Florence Eldridge, who had a more important name in the theatre than Fredric March at that time, stepped gracefully out of the professional picture when he got his big chance in Hollywood. It couldn't have been an easy thing to do yet she turned down important Broadway contracts to be with her husband.

It isn't much fun to be the stay-at-home wife of a Hollywood star. Even wives with no career aspirations at all have developed inferiority complexes standing dimly behind the spotlight of their husband's popularity. For a woman like Florence Eldridge, forceful, ambitious, with the kind of creative energy that demands an outlet, it must have been torture.

"In any other community wives have their own identity," she explained. "Here you haven't. What you think, what you are doesn't interest anybody. It's only what you're doing in a Hollywood sense that counts. What picture are you working in? What role are you playing? Those are the questions Hollywood asks."

No, it couldn't have been easy for a



The make-up may deceive you, but it's actually Pat O'Brien as he will appear in the title role of "The Life of Knute Rockne." With him is the widow of football's most famous coach, presenting Pat with a bronze bust of the immortal Rockne.

woman like Florence Eldridge, who had given her life to her career, to be dubbed a nobody and be pushed in the background by people who couldn't begin to have her ability or talent. Yet she took it, rather than risk her marriage. After all, statistics show the preponderance of failure in those New York to Hollywood commuting marriages. Florence Eldridge wasn't going to risk that.

Later, Fredric March jeopardized his career in turning his back on Hollywood to open in a play with his wife. He gave up a three hundred thousand dollars' contract to do it. He invested about half a hundred thousand dollars of his savings, and possibly no play was a more complete failure than "Yr. Obedient Husband." The New York drama critics seemed to take a peculiar delight in panning one of Hollywood's favorite sons.

Yet they couldn't down Fredric March. A year later he came back in another play. It was his way of saying "thank you" to his wife. It was the thing he wanted to give her above all others, the bouquet he wanted to lay at her feet. And this time there was success.

And afterwards when the long run of that play was over, Florence Eldridge put away her make-up box again and went back to Hollywood to cheer Fred on from the sidelines when he was offered the part in "Susan and God." A trouser from the heart out she knew what her husband could do with the part of Barrie Tixel and if you think she had any pangs about it, you don't know Florence Eldridge.

"We don't want the children to become too conscious of the word 'I,'" Florence March laughed. "Fred and I are both so self-conscious about the use of it that our conversation becomes downright stilted at times. The stage has a way of highlighting the ego and we do all we can to offset it, in front of the children anyway."

"After all, how can we train them to be nice and modest and unself-conscious if we set them an example of talking about ourselves to an interviewer. They're too young to be objective about it. They'd think talking their heads off about what

they are and what they're doing is the normal adult conversation piece.

"And apart from the children I do all I can to keep my career separate from my home when I'm working. I believe in women expressing themselves. I think women who are creative at all should go on with their work after marriage. But they should never let it dominate their marriage. A marriage suffers too much of a handicap if the woman is so completely ambitious that she refuses to compromise and allows her home life to suffer because of the demands her career puts upon her. A woman can have both, and be successful in both, but she must plan so that the two don't overlap and see to it that each runs along its own path. And, of course, so much of the success of a career-marriage depends on the husband's attitude. Whether he resents his wife doing something of her own, or whether he's proud and pleased that he has a wife who is doing things."

"I think it's swell," Fredric March grinned. "It makes life more interesting for the husband. And women who have the urge to do something are happier when they're working. And I like that, too."

"Besides, you save money," Florence jibed. "I'm not always building houses."

Their laugh was interrupted by the summons sending Fred back on the set. As we watched him go I remembered an evening last spring when I was talking to them in their dressing room at the Center Theatre in New York when "The American Way" was playing.

Florence was dressed in the wide old-fashioned skirt and tight bodice she was wearing as the immigrant wife in the play, her own smooth hair obscured by the flaxen wig she was wearing. Her personality had changed in the uncanny way actors and actresses have of shedding their own identity in the character they are assuming. This quiet, flaxen-haired woman seemed to have nothing in common with the sophisticated young modern who had created her, just as Fredric March seemed far away from the stolid Martin Gunther in whose clothes he was standing. But, and this was interesting, the two who stood there in their stage make-up of an immigrant couple seemed to have that oneness, that air of belonging to each other in their characterization of a man and a wife that they have in reality. There is talk now of doing "The American Way" on the screen, and, of course, the Marches will play their own roles in it again.

The story of "The American Way" tells of the long and happy years a man and a woman have had together. It tells of their disappointments and of their triumphs. It tells of a marriage that endured. That is the story of Fredric and Florence March, too.

I knew that when I saw them make their entrance in the play, she clinging to his arm and he looking down on her, his hand covering her hand as it rested on his sleeve.

They were on the stage, but they weren't acting. The Marches don't have to act when they're playing the parts of a husband and wife who find their happiness by being together. They're just being themselves.

Take a Bow

WITH THE 3 LARGEST-SELLING
NAIL SHADES IN THE WORLD



OLD ROSE

CEDARWOOD

LAUREL

• Repeat performance by popular demand! Since their first appearance, this romantic Cutex trio has been playing continuously to admiring audiences!

Cutex OLD ROSE is a rich rose with that hint of blue so very flattering to your skin . . .

CEDARWOOD is a lovely fresh mauvy-rose that goes with everything . . . LAUREL is delicate and feminine—a special favorite with the men in your life!

Write your own spring success story with the world's most popular nail tones—Cutex OLD ROSE, CEDARWOOD and LAUREL!



CUTEX SALON POLISH

Northam Warren, New York, Montreal, London, Paris

Dawn of a New Day

[Continued from page 27]

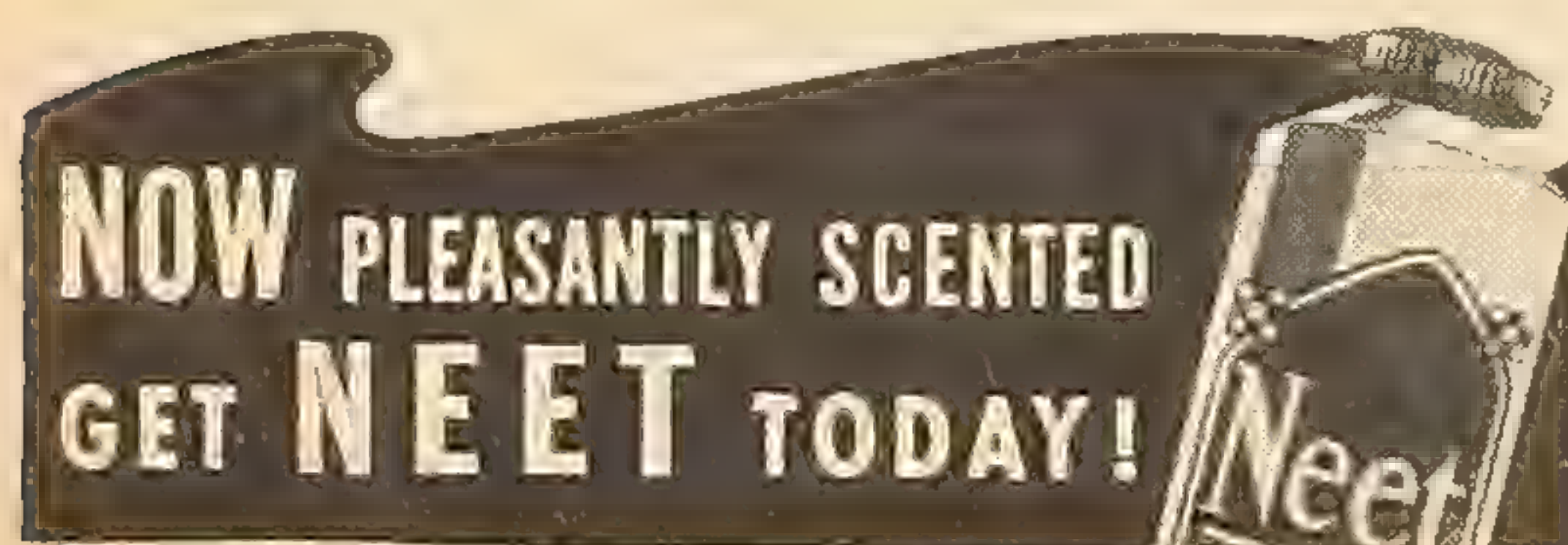


RINSE OFF UNSIGHTLY HAIR THIS EASY WAY

Glorify your legs with the NEW Neet! For years the favorite cream hair remover of hundreds of thousands, NEET now is pleasantly scented! No disagreeable chemical odor. NEET is gentle, painless. Takes little time, no bother to use! Just spread NEET over unwanted hair. Leave on ONLY four to five minutes. Then rinse off with water. Ugly hair disappears from your legs, forearms and underarms. Your skin is smooth as satin and petal-soft!

Avoid Sharp Razor Stubble

There are no sharp-edged hair stubs to snag your stockings, no razor-scraped skin, and no danger of cuts—when you use NEET! Get NEET at drug, dept. stores. Generous trial size at ten-cent stores.



honors of Eddie Small's production of "My Son, My Son!" Following which she was given the feminine lead in "Foreign Correspondent," expected to be one of the big hits of 1940. She got the part in "My Son, My Son!" by accident. Frances Dee, cast for it, was taken ill. Small began testing other girls. Dozens of them faced the cameras. Miss Day took her test at 11:30 one morning, reported for work at 6 o'clock the next.

"I just had had a lot of bad breaks," explains Laraine. "I was to have been in the sequel of 'Northwest Passage,' to play the cockney girl, Ann. I spent weeks going to see the film, 'Pygmalion,' to get the dialect. Then the sequel was called off. I wanted to get in 'These Glamour Girls.' Jane Bryan got the part. I tried for 'Florian.' Helen Gilbert beat me out. I was pretty broken-hearted, although I kept telling myself, 'I must get that break.' Still, that doesn't help much, does it?"

Now her hit on another lot is the talk of the home studio. Lionel Barrymore goes about in his wheelchair, nodding his head and saying "I told you so." For a long time he has called Laraine the most promising youngster at Metro.

Laraine is twenty, but has packed a lot into those few years. She was an honor student at school in Salt Lake City and in Long Beach, where the family first moved. She joined the Long Beach Players Guild, worked hard, even went on a road tour of one of the Guild's productions, "Conflict."

In 1936, she was given a minor bit in a film called "Scandal Sheet." Nothing happened. More guild work. Then a screen test at Universal got her a contract. She did three Westerns with George O'Brien. Nobody noticed her and nothing happened again.

By this time she was working hard with the Wilshire Players. Then Billy Gordon, a Metro casting director, saw her in still another amateur production and she got a second film contract, this time with Metro. She played in "Sargeant Madden" with Wallace Beery. "A gangling girl," they describe her at Metro, "long legs, awkward hands. Had possibilities, that's all." She did the nurse, Molly, in the Kildare series, attracting Lionel Barrymore's interest. She was in "I Take This Woman" and, they say, took the play away from Hedy Lamarr before the studio remade the film. Altogether Laraine has been with Metro just two years.

There are things that even the studio doesn't know about the starlet. With the Long Beach and Wilshire groups she wrote some of the shows. One was "Midsummer Night's Mare," about a musical comedy producer who couldn't get away from his own shows. She wrote, in blank verse, a humorous Cinderella in Swing. Last Christmas she sent out holiday cards in the form of movie scripts. Likes to write poetry. All of which indicates an ingenious, alert mind, to say the least.

Her childhood sweetheart is still Burnett Ferguson, who worked with her as co-director of the Wilshire Players. But Bur-



Rosalind Russell and Bob Benchley having grand fun at a polo match.

nett, also a Mormon, left last June for study at the Mormon Tabernacle in Salt Lake City. Then he departed for three years' foreign missionary work. Laraine won't see him for a long time, but there's no one else in her life. Not that all the Hollywood lads haven't tried.

She lives quietly with her family. There are no servants in the Johnson household. Indeed, until very recently, Mrs. Johnson made all of Laraine's clothes. The starlet bought her first fur coat last Fall. Laraine drives her own car, a Dodge, and frequently races home for luncheon. Likes the little things her mother fixes for her.

She gives small parties at home for her studio friends. And, on her birthday, October 13th, last year, the studio gave her a party. No cocktails. Actors and stage crew played hearts. And guessing games. Not the sort of party you would anticipate in Hollywood. Laraine and the studio had a grand time. Lionel Barrymore presented her with a black cat, it being the 13th.

Laraine has a youthful, spontaneous sense of humor. Tried me on this: what color is beer? Burple, I believe, is the answer. Here's another, what color is a shampoo? Dreen. (Yes, this really happened in Hollywood!)

When she was born, as a co-twin, at Roosevelt, Utah, the Indian chiefs staged a ceremonial dance on the White Rock Reservation. Then they all came over to the Johnson house to look at the twins. It seems that no twins ever have been born to redskins.

Laraine's only trouble before the cameras is her inability to cry. "I'm too happy," she explains. Since Joan Blondell recently suffered eye burns from menthol, that item has been barred as a tear jerker. So, with a prop boy helping the experiment, Laraine recently tackled onions and horseradish in turn. The boy was in tears, Laraine was dry-eyed. Finally, they had to drop castor oil into each eye—and shoot fast.

She takes tap dancing lessons regularly. "The more I know the better," she says. She is interested in photography and haunts the photo department. And she says she'd like to direct some day.

Declares she doesn't want to be a
[Continued on page 71]

"The Summer Sun has changed your skin —why not change the shade of your Face Powder?"

[FIND YOUR LUCKY SUMMER SHADE—
AND GET IT IN MY GRIT-FREE POWDER]

says *Lady Esther*



Slowly, subtly—the sun has deepened your skin tones, making them richer—more vibrant. But... are you innocently spoiling your skin's sun-tinted warmth with a *too light* shade of powder? It's so important to change to a warmer, richer shade—a shade that will harmonize with your skin tones *as they are now!*



Find out now which is your most flattering shade! But remember, even a richer shade won't help...if your powder is *too coarse* for your skin! For the deeper the shade, the more important that your powder should be *free from grit!*



Make my famous "Bite Test"! Put a pinch of your present powder between your teeth. Make sure your teeth are even, then grind them slowly. If your powder contains grit, your teeth instantly detect it. But how easily Lady Esther Powder *passes the same test!* Your teeth will find *no grit!*



Lady Esther Face Powder is so smooth it clings for 4 long hours! Put it on after dinner—say at eight—and at midnight it will still flatter your skin. No coarse particles ruin its perfect blending...or give you a harsh, "powdery" look!

Get your lucky shade in my GRIT-FREE Powder!

You can't judge powder shades by the appearance of the powder in the box. To find the most flattering shade for the new, warmer tones of *your* complexion... try each shade of my powder *on your own skin*... at my expense!

Mail me the coupon, and there will come to you ten new shades of my grit-free powder—brunette shades, rachels, rose tones. Try each shade on your own face. Find the one that is just right *for you!* And as you try on these lovely shades...

notice how *smooth* my powder is. Don't mistakenly believe a high price means a grit-free face powder.

Impartial laboratory tests showed that many expensive powders—costing \$1.00, \$2.00, \$3.00 and even more—contained up to 20.44% grit.

Find your lucky shade of my grit-free powder, and wear it confidently. No coarse particles will streak or fade your powder...or give your skin a harsh, "powdery" look. You cannot find a finer, higher quality powder. So mail the coupon now!

★ 10 shades free! ★

(You can paste this on a penny postcard)

LADY ESTHER, (57)
7162 West 65th Street, Chicago, Ill.

Please send me FREE AND POSTPAID your 10 new shades of face powder, also a tube of your Four Purpose Face Cream.

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ STATE _____

If you live in Canada, write Lady Esther, Toronto, Ont.

Stay Away from Hollywood, Girls!

[Continued from page 41]

restaurants such as the Brown Derby and Chasens, but the night clubs. They are constantly opening and quickly closing. They just don't pay. The famous Trocadero, for example, has been opened and closed three times under different backing during the past year. They even had "Bank Nights," but it folded and now is closed. Realizing this situation, astute showman Earl Carroll declared when he opened his large theatre-restaurant that he was "not going to cater to movie stars." He knew what happened to the supposedly swank places that did just that. The result: his enterprise has been and is a huge success, but one sees very few movie names there.

In New York, where most people have relatively small apartments, they do most of their entertaining in night clubs. But not so here.

Getting down to the next stratum of Hollywood society—that large group of bit players and extras—they have fun in their own way, but it's no more exciting than the Saturday night parties in Fargo, North Dakota, or Houlton, Maine. They work hard while on a picture, and have learned, if they are smart, that one can't burn the candle at both ends and in the middle if one is to keep young and last in movies.

All these generalities you may have read before, but what about the woman's angle? What about the more specific things the girls are learning who still flock here from all over the country? And flock they do, for it's a rare girl who can ignore the well-meant but foolish praise of friends who tell her, "You ought to be in pictures."

Let's be analytical.

In the first place, women outnumber men about **THREE TO ONE** in Hollywood. Some estimates set the odds higher, but the drifting population here makes an accurate check impossible. That's a discouraging beginning for any social Valhalla—unless you happen to be one of the men!

Next, consider the competition.

The little hoked-up beauty-contest winners and "Miss Squidgevilles" still come here by the hundreds each year, but since pictures are now using girls with better dramatic training and a little more talent than they did in the old silent days, most of these girls, if they are lucky enough to find employment at all, are landing right back where they started: in jobs as waitresses, manicurists, clerks and typists. What's the result? Hollywood is filthy with pulchritude, above and beyond the girls who are actually in movies, and the competition for dates is nothing short of terrific. And don't forget what we mentioned before about even the glamorous bachelor girls having quiet evenings at home!

Another angle on this competition problem is that too many of these girls who have movie ambitions are literally a "dime a dozen" in the local phraseology. They will do anything—and I do mean anything—to get that "break" in pictures



Claire Trevor and Don Ameche have teamed together for a radio show.

which they anticipated when they left home. Any man, who might have only a nodding acquaintance with a third assistant prop man at one of the studios, can get a date faster with these girls than he can order a hamburger.

You probably read a few months ago in the newspapers of the suit for \$250,000 filed against Director Sam Bischoff by actress Carolyn Clare, charging they entered into a "deal" under which she engaged in a clandestine romance on his promise of screen stardom. The case was dismissed Feb. 29, 1940, by motion of Miss Clare's attorney after Bischoff had filed a general denial. But we do know that there have been hundreds—even thousands—of girls in Hollywood who have considered such a method an easy way to stardom. Very few ever have appeared on the screen in more than "bit" roles, or as extras.

Too many of the local high school and college girls out here are also in the "dime a dozen" class. Prodded on by stupid parents—usually it is a foolish, doting mama who is to blame—they are encouraged to be movie-struck and get in the extra ranks, if they can, at the earliest possible age. They plan their dates accordingly, and it isn't always the prettiest face that wins!

All these youngsters, local and imported, believe that the only important thing in life is the right connections in pictures. Again, what's the result? A girl who says "No" is very prone to find herself without dates. It is thus that the men have been spoiled, and the women have no one to blame but themselves.

Another woe to be considered is the practice of the younger men going out with older women. It's a strange thing how prevalent this is here, and how the custom is growing. It is certainly aiding and abetting the "Spoil the Men" movement.

So many men who have high positions in the movie industry have to work nights, Sundays and holidays that there are hundreds of "movie widows" who grow bored staying at home. But why be bored? They have plenty of money and begin dating the younger and more available men, who are also ambitious for the right connec-

tions. The "movie widows" entertain them at dinner, take them to night clubs, previews and the few legitimate theatres that manage to exist out here. Of course, they go in the ladies' cars! And mesdames pay the checks! Why wouldn't the young men become spoiled?

This situation of younger men preferring the company of older women has another side, too. I've talked with many of them about it, and they are perfectly frank in admitting that the younger girls out here are "too silly to be entertaining." As I've pointed out, the younger, prettier little things have only one idea—their own pulchritude which they think should make them movie stars.

However, in associating with the older women, and supposedly to avoid the stupid company of these young girls, the younger men develop a dull, stylized "line" that is deadly. Inane flattery, bits of scandal and shop talk about pictures are their sole stock in conversation, because the older women like it! Ask them an intelligent question about politics or international affairs, or even business, and their jaws sag.

In economics, they call such a situation a "vicious circle." It is!

Having eliminated many of the younger men as available dates, we come next to the older ones, the gens of the homo who is **WILLING** to spend money for an amusing evening. They are usually married, seldom admit it, or, if they do, assert that they are "misunderstood." Their conversation is equally dull and one-tracked, and they are the really spoiled men. This type is so used to the little movie-struck beauties and gold-diggers that their idea of an evening's entertainment has only one ending. If you're not a "yes-girl" you won't have a second invitation from any of them!

So, my lassies, if you are sensationally and breath-takingly beautiful, you **MAY** have a short-lived rush of popularity out in these Hollywood Hills, but unless you're a gold-digger or worse—and are willing to live by those standards, you'd better bring along your batik and tennis racket, for you won't find a social whirl awaiting you.

If you still are undeterred and want to come to Hollywood, think you have talent and are willing to work relentlessly and not worry about lack of dates—then come ahead. There are new stars every year and Hollywood needs them. But don't expect to be a social butterfly. Even if you connect with a studio, you'll be told with whom to go out, and where to be seen.

London a man's town? Hollywood is the male heaven!

One of the most famous women stars, and I wish I could tell you her name, in discussing this situation recently, rounded up the arguments neatly, saying:

"Hollywood is a helluva town for a girl, if she remembers her Sunday School lessons and hopes for a gay time simultaneously. It can't be done. This is the Happy Hunting Grounds of spoiled men, cheap chiselers and glorified gigolos. Worse than all that, the men are **DULL!**"

Hill-Billy Queen

[Continued from page 37]

ld families are, there had *never* been an actress. So Daddy Canova made little Judy confine her musical efforts to family recitals in the front parlor.

When she was eleven her father died, and soon afterwards, the family moved to Jacksonville, Florida, where Judy acquired most of her schooling. It was probably the cousin from Georgia, who dropped in for a week-end and spent the winter, who started Judy on her unusual career. At the drop of a hat this cousin would sing, "I Wish I Was a Single Gal Again." And so, at a high school amateur performance one night, Judy, called on for a song, gave out with "I Wish I Was a Single Gal Again," and brought down the house. She and her song were so sensational in Jacksonville that she even made a record of it for Brunswick—at the age of twelve.

Knowing that Jacksonville, Florida, is hardly a hill-billy stronghold, I was naturally curious to learn how Judy acquired the talent that has put her in the top ranks of hill-billy singers. She gave me that wonderful grin, which has become a trade-mark with her, and proceeded to explain:

"When I was fifteen, my sister Anne and brother Zeke and I, all pepped up over our success in Jacksonville, moved on to New York where we expected to slay them with our act, which we considered pretty hot. We had never sung a

hill-billy song in our lives. We'd been doing our own arrangements of popular and classical numbers, and we thought we could sell ourselves with this sort of thing in New York. But New York gave us the brush-off. Things were pretty tough for us for months in the big city, and we were literally down to our last can of beans, when one day we happened to run into a friend who happened to mention that the Village Barn, a rural night club in Greenwich Village, was opening soon and was scouting for hill-billy performers.

"That was all we needed to know. We nearly broke our legs racing to a book store for a book of hill-billy songs. We learned a few, got our audition, and as a result we were there for twenty weeks. The going, after that, was easier for us. Vaudeville scouts saw us and we did a coast-to-coast tour for over a year. I think the reason we took to the hill-billy accent so naturally was because we used to spend our summers in the mountains of North Carolina when we were kids. We met a lot of the backwoods mountaineers, and we'd try to imitate their way of talking and singing. I picked up a song there when I was a child which I sang a few years ago in a London night club—and was told by an amazed young Englishman that it was an old ballad that had been sung by his family for over three hundred years. He couldn't believe I'd heard it in

North Carolina."

When the Canovas returned to New York after their tour, NBC officials were waiting with contracts, and promptly signed them for six months on the air. About this time Lew Brown, ace Broadway showman, was lining up talent for his revue, "Calling All Stars," and offered the Canova team a featured spot in the show, which already boasted such top names as Jack Whiting, Phil Baker, and Lou Holtz. Two other unknowns, who eventually hit Hollywood, were signed at the same time—Martha Raye and Ella Logan. Warner scouts saw the show and a term contract for Judy was the result.

Judy sat out her first dance, I mean her first contract, in Hollywood. A nice salary coming in weekly is all right, but it's awfully boring sitting at home twiddling your thumbs when you know that you are a darned good hill-billy singer and ought to be getting some place. So when she was offered a featured part in the new Ziegfeld Follies, Judy was off for New York like a streak of lightning.

"It turned out that this was the luckiest move I could have made," Judy continued. "Paul Whiteman (*it was Judy who first started calling the King of Jazz by the popular monicker of "Mr. P.W."*) saw the Follies and asked me to guest star for one evening on his Woodbury Soap Show. This one appearance resulted in an extension of contract for a full year on a coast-to-coast network."

Again Hollywood perked up and offered a dotted line. This time it was Paramount, and this time she actually faced a camera,



FOR PERFECT PARTIES

Pepsi-Cola makes every party perfect. It's the bigger drink with the finer flavor. 12-ounce bottle, 5¢—or in handy 6-bottle home cartons.



*Swimming
can't Spoil my
Make-up*



Yes, you can dive in...and come up smiling, with lips and cheeks still colorfully fresh—perfectly made-up.

For Tangee Natural Lipstick and Tangee Natural Creme Rouge are waterproof and swimproof. They really stay on! And they're not affected by hot-weather perspiration, either!

Why not test Tangee's exclusive scientific principle yourself? Why not give *your* lips and *your* cheeks the soft, lovely color that has made Tangee the choice of beautiful women all over the world? Just send the coupon below, with 10¢, for a smart little make-up kit that's just as handy for purse and guestroom as it is for beach use.

And, we'll also include a sensational new 40-page booklet, entitled, "Make Up and Live", in which 10 of America's leading beauty editors tell you their priceless beauty secrets!



World's Most Famous Lipstick
TANGEE
ENDS THAT PAINTED LOOK

SEND FOR COMPLETE MAKE-UP KIT

The George W. Luft Co., 417 Fifth Ave., New York City
... Please rush "Miracle Make-up Kit" of sample Tangee Lipsticks and Rouge in both Natural and Theatrical Red Shades. Also Face Powder. I enclose 10¢ (stamps or coin). (15¢ in Canada.)

Check Shade of Powder Desired:

- | | | |
|---------------------------------|---------------------------------------|--------------------------------|
| ☐ Peach | ☐ Light Rachel | ☐ Flesh |
| ☐ Rachel | ☐ Dark Rachel | ☐ Tan |

Name _____ (Please Print)

Street _____

City _____ State _____ SU70

but not for long. With a Dietrich, a Colbert, a Lombard, and a sexy looking young thing in a sarong floating about the lot Paramount just couldn't be bothered with a comedienne who sang hill-billy songs like nobody's business. A smart London supper club offered a contract and the Canovas gave Paramount back to the Indians, or the stockholders, or somebody, and boarded the Ile de France. They proceeded to take Mayfair by storm. Dear Noel, dear Bea, dear Gertie, and all the other dear young pub crawlers in dear old London went for hill-billy songs hook, line and sinker.

Back in America again, without the slightest trace of a British accent, which in itself is unique, Judy appeared for several months on the Chase and Sanborn program, and in the spring of last year went into Lew Brown's "Yokel Boy" on Broadway. Her best songs in the show, "Comes Love" and "Lem and Sue," zoomed to the top of the hit parade in no time at all. After a long run the show closed a few months ago, and Judy, once more, found herself with a movie contract. This time she has signed with Republic Pictures—who'll tell you that in Judy they have found the pot of gold at the end of the rainbow. They purchased the song title "Scatterbrain" for her, and any day now you'll be seeing Judy do her stuff in a bright and snappy comedy that will make you laugh so loud you'll forget Hitler and the landlord.

Judy is a frank, down-to-earth person, utterly lacking in glamour and chichi, for which we thank heaven. You'll never mistake her for Connie Bennett. You'll never confuse her with an early glacial period. Warm, cordial, and folksy, with a grand sense of humor—that's Mrs. Canova's girl Judy. That's Republic's new star.

She likes to collect, too—her hobby being cook books and recipes. She has several book cases full of cook books, and a dozen or more scrap books full of recipes

clipped from newspapers and magazine. As fast as she can she'll get around trying out all of them. It speaks well for Judy's cooking that her family—her mother, brother and sister-in-law, her sister Anne, her brother Zeke, and her cousin Gordon Burns, who are all with her in Hollywood—very rarely has to run for the bicarbonate of soda. An extra special strawberry delight cake disappeared the other night in nothing flat.

She puts two lumps of sugar in her demi-tasse, dotes on ice cream and potato salad, and should be as big as all our doors, but isn't. She loves barbecue, that's the Southern in her, and two years ago when she was driving from New York to her home in Florida she made a detour of three hundred miles out of her way to North Carolina just to visit a favorite barbecue stand. She claims the fifteen-cent barbecue sandwich was well worth the effort.

Very domestic is Miss Judy. She loves to fuss around her home, puttering her and tidying there. She also clips "suggestions for the house beautiful" out of magazines, and moons over them by the hour. She has a very smooth, even disposition, but if she finds out that someone has made use of her all hell breaks loose. She dresses extremely well, loves exotic hats, and keeps out of night clubs, except when she is entertaining in them.

Judy's singing voice goes to G above high C, and she studies seriously under Lawrence Tibbett's teacher. It's hard to believe that the same voice that twangs out "She'll be comin' round the mountain when she comes," can handle lovely arias and ballads.

When you pry into her love life you don't get very far. "Romance?" Judy will say with a grin, "I just haven't the time right now."

But if you just casually drop the name of Rudy Vallee into the conversation you get what can be called a definite reaction from one Miss Judy Canova.



The Jon Halls (Frances Langford) at a recent informal Sunday afternoon party they gave. Jon is said to be sensational in "South of Pago Pago."

Mitchell the Magnificent

[Continued from page 35]

roles, ranging from Shakespeare to the Spewacks.

B. He had written a smash play or two, including "The Little Accident" which ran a couple of years or so and was later made into a movie.

C. He had written another play, starred in it and directed it.

D. He had built up a reputation as a play doctor, even though his valiant efforts to pump blood into a Tallulah Bankhead opus called "Forsaking All Others" proved worthless.

E. He had collaborated with half a dozen playwrights in assorted plays and musicals.

F. There was talk about having Mr. Mitchell hauled into federal court as a one-man restraint of trade, in short, a monopoly.

Despite all this, there he was in Hollywood waiting for the call, spending his afternoons reading Plato or maybe the Norwegian dramatist Ibsen whom he admires no end.

"They'll get wise to themselves," he used to tell a chum of his in that machine-gun style of talking that's so typically Mitchell.

All his life people have been coming round to Thomas Mitchell's way of looking at things.

"You found it was simpler to give in to the inevitable," a Broadway producer once confessed. "The man takes you by

storm, drenching you with the Gaelic fire in him as well as the unshakable belief in himself that's nothing less than paralyzing."

This Gaelic fire, need it be said, is come by honestly. The cinema's most notorious scene-snatcher was born of pure Irish stock, the son of a Dublin newspaperman who came to this country to look it over, was taken by it, decided to linger and built his home in Elizabeth, New Jersey, where his five sons were born.

Of all the Mitchell brood, it was young Tom who is most remembered by the citizens of Elizabeth. Such a harum-scarum youngster was never seen on land or sea. Long before he was out of grade school he was scaring the daylights out of the children on the block by improvising a theme from Irish fairy tales.

By the time he was ready for St. Patrick's High School he was a mercurial somebody that resembled nothing so much as a wailing banshee. He read Swinburne's poems during geography lesson at school, hiding the little volume behind the huge text which he held up on a vertical plane. Many a time did the Sister Superior of "St. Pat's" summon the young rebel and inquire how it was that reading Swinburne helped him acquire information concerning the agriculture of Iran.

Here he palmed off—or tried to—his first bit of "consequential" acting. His

face a-glitter with a look of cherubic innocence, he would simply stand there, silent, waiting for the storm to blow over. Sister Superior was sure to get around to praising the fine job he, like his clever brother John before him, had done with the one-act original play he had written or, perhaps, a highly imaginative version of "The Tempest" he had recently staged.

That senior year, as all the Mitchell brothers will testify, was a mortal torment to everyone living at home. Especially the few months preceding graduation. You see young Tom had him a great problem: ought he to dedicate himself to writing as his father had done before him or, remembering his granduncle, the celebrated playwright-player, Dion Boucicault, forget journalism and think only of the stage?

"While he was making up his mind," to quote brother John, "he was driving us to despair as he pounded the typewriter up until three or four in the morning writing short, short stories that no one ever seemed to want to buy or suddenly turning on that voice of his in reading aloud an entire Shakespearean play, women's parts and all."

Came graduation and things were at a woeful pass indeed. Already he had served notice, the young earth-shaker had, that college was not for him. The spectre of life with a man with twenty-four hours on his hands was enough to frighten every last one of the Mitchells. It was brother John who bridged the impasse.

"I'll put him to work under me as a reporter," he said triumphantly at dinner

What every motorist should know

When you drive, take along some Beech-Nut Gum. It's always refreshing and restful, especially when you get tired or tense. Your choice of 7 delicious kinds:

Peppermint, Spearmint, Oralgum
and 4 flavors of BEECHIES (Candy Coated)
Peppermint, Spearmint, Pepsin, Cinnamon

Beech-Nut Gum is made in Flavor-town (Canajoharie, N. Y.), famous for Beech-Nut quality and flavor.

Beech-Nut Gum

One of America's GOOD habits

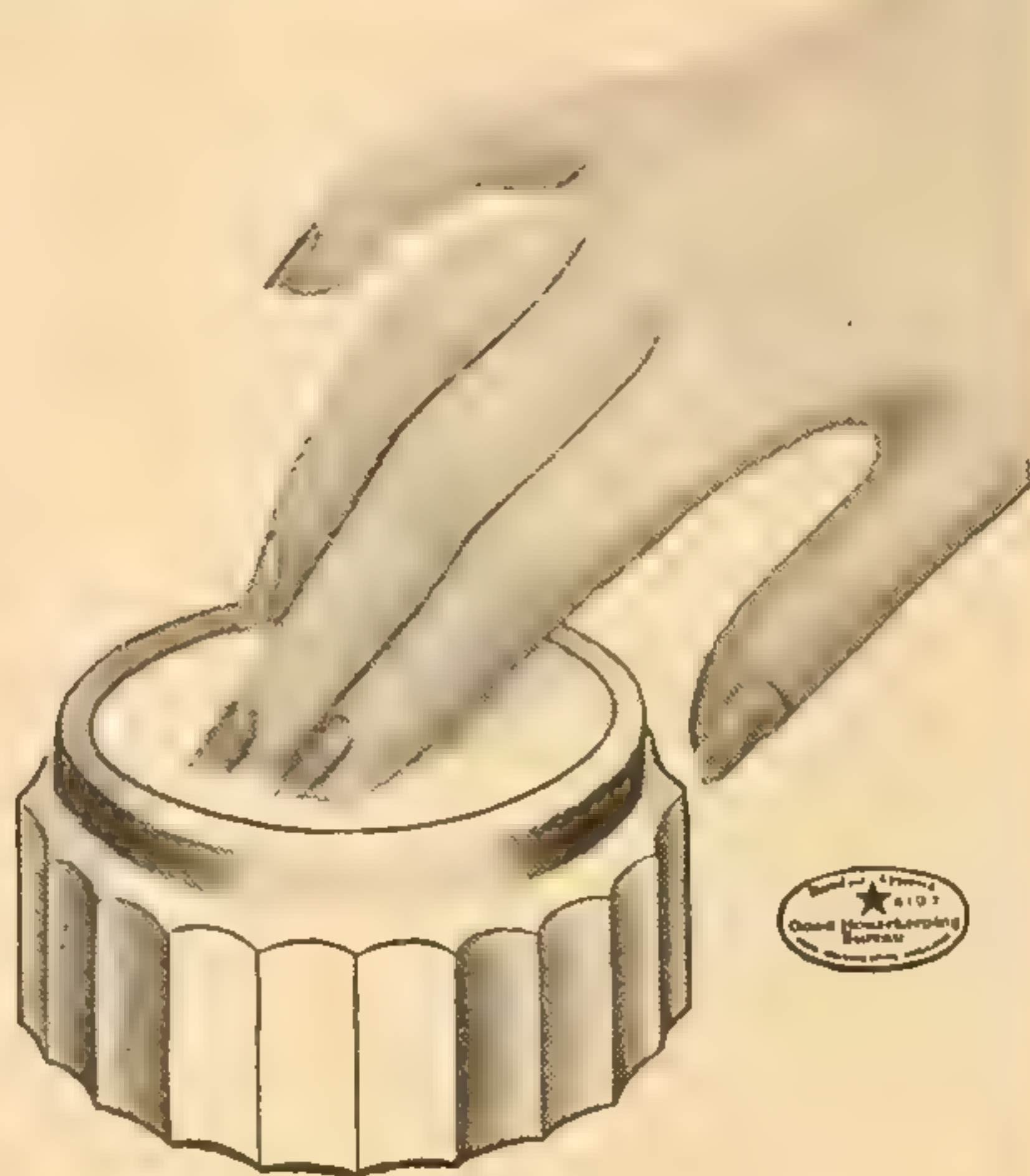


GOING TO THE N. Y. WORLD'S FAIR?

Visit the Beech-Nut Building. If you drive, stop at Canajoharie, in the Mohawk Valley of New York, and see how Beech-Nut products are made.



New under-arm
Cream Deodorant
safely
Stops Perspiration



1. Does not harm dresses — does not irritate skin.
2. No waiting to dry. Can be used right after shaving.
3. Instantly checks perspiration for 1 to 3 days. Removes odor from perspiration.
4. A pure, white, greaseless, stainless vanishing cream.
5. Arrid has been awarded the Approval Seal of the American Institute of Laundering for being harmless to fabric.



More than 25 MILLION
 jars of Arrid have been
 sold... Try a jar today.

ARRID

39¢ a jar

AT ALL STORES WHICH SELL TOILET GOODS
 (Also in 10 cent and 59 cent jars)

YOUR MONOGRAM

on peach, white or blue transparent make-up
 cape with matching shower cap, \$1.00 postpaid.
 Cold cream mitts 35¢ extra. State color desired.
 ELDON PRODUCTS, P. O. Box 663, Newark, N. J.

**HAPPY RELIEF
 FROM PAINFUL
 BACKACHE**

Many of those gnawing, nagging, painful backaches people blame on colds or strains are often caused by tired kidneys — and may be relieved when treated in the right way.

The kidneys are Nature's chief way of taking excess acids and poisonous waste out of the blood. They help most people pass about 3 pints a day.

If the 15 miles of kidney tubes and filters don't work well, poisonous waste matter stays in the blood. These poisons may start nagging backaches, rheumatic pains, loss of pep and energy, getting up nights, swelling, puffiness under the eyes, headaches and dizziness. Frequent or scanty passages with smarting and burning sometimes shows there is something wrong with your kidneys or bladder.

Don't wait! Ask your druggist for Doan's Pills, used successfully by millions for over 40 years. They give happy relief and will help the 15 miles of kidney tubes flush out poisonous waste from the blood. Get Doan's Pills.

one night late in June.

That very next Monday Thomas Mitchell, radiant and ready, showed up at the city room of the Elizabeth News, reported to his brother for an assignment and was given the police beat and sundry way stations to cover.

Almost overnight pandemonium broke loose. Complaints descended right and left on City Editor Mitchell regarding a certain story on page one which had, it seems, "absolutely no foundation of fact." That was nothing. Before two weeks had passed one of the town's magnificoes called up none other than the owner of the paper. He was in a dancing rage.

"This cute trick of yours in marrying off my son to a tavern waitress, as reported on your front page, is going to cost you plenty. I'm bringing suit for exactly \$250,000." And he hung up.

The upshot of all this hullabaloo was that cub reporter Mitchell was summoned before the grim person of City Editor Mitchell and given the heave-ho, after five weeks of life as a reporter. They still refer to his meteoric career in Elizabeth as the golden age of journalism.

Today brother John will tell you philosophically, "What made Tommy such an impossible reporter was his desire to dramatize the commonplace in news by mixing it with fiction. His imagination was too much for us. Out of self-defense he was sacked. Actually I didn't do it. I was a mouthpiece for the managing editor. Anyhow the last I saw of Tommy that day was when he grinned, lit a cigarette and departed."

He trekked out searching for papers which were more appreciative of talent. He did a spot of reporting in Baltimore without incident. He tried Washington, but it bored him. (Later he was to use his experience as a Capitol scribe in depicting the cynical, escape-you-never reporter of "Mr. Smith Goes to Washington.") Growing less fond of journalism as time progressed, he quit it in Pittsburgh, scouted around for another job and ended up in a fantastic position—that of a tutor to a scion of a steel fortune.

Suddenly, the realization came to him that he was wasting his time, that his heart was really in the theatre and to hell with roaming, reporting and rearing the youth of the land.

So back he traipsed to New York, badgered Charles Coburn, head of a repertory troupe long on the classics, and swore by all the apostles that he was the slickest actor this side of John Barrymore.

"What does a great actor like you want from a stock company?" Mr. Coburn said with a chuckle.

"Experience," volleyed the walking Mt. Vesuvius. "I'll play anything, anywhere."

For the next season or two he did exactly that, romping all over God's creation interpreting no less than fifty roles out of Shakespeare.

Not until several years later did he make his debut in New York, together with another great actor, John Barrymore. The play was called "Redemption." Mr. B. was the star. Mr. M. played a messenger boy, or maybe a valet. He's forgotten.

That was the beginning. He went from part to part with such uniformly inspired

performances that one day David Belasco walked into a "turkey," just before it closed, spotted the dynamic Irishman who balanced the whole shebang on his head and put him under contract. After that a twenty-mule team couldn't hold him.

He was cast in "The Wisdom Tooth" as an insignificant, freshly-discharged head clerk without either future or girl friend, but hell-bent on saying his say—international situation or women's fashions—and the critics howled with appreciation. Mr. Mitchell, late a scribbler, had arrived on Broadway.

From then on out it was more like a lark than a career. For one five-year period in his life he only loafed two days. When he wasn't cavorting as Adolf, the butler, in "Kiki," he was wringing tears for his performance in "The Playboy of the Western World."

An actor named Spencer Tracy, an engaging, fast-talking fellow who was starring in the Broadway production of "The Last Mile," was called suddenly to Hollywood. Mitchell took his place. As "Killer" Mears he was so terrific that the patrons left the theatre limp.

Things took such a pretty turn that before ten years had elapsed, monarch of all he surveyed in the theatre, he found himself fretting with the writing urge. Just to stifle it, once and for all, he bought a typewriter for himself, began writing plays. The results surprised him, intrigued the producers and, in most cases, delighted the fans.

He began to clamor for a hand in directing his plays. He got it.

Eventually, he turned producer, teaming up with Alfred Aarons who knew the business end of the theatre up and down.

After that, with nothing much else to do in the theatre, he began to mumble something about taking up archery when the call came for him to go West to help make a movie out of his lucrative play, "The Little Accident."

Which is where we came in roughly. He came to Hollywood, finished his chores, was paid off and promptly put out of mind. It got him so mad, when he got to thinking about it on his return to New York, that he returned determined to make Hollywood yell "Uncle." How he has succeeded needs no telling here.

Forty-eight and famous, Thomas Mitchell is a man without a counterpart, on and off the screen. Where his Hollywood colleagues come into town with banners blowing, Mr. Mitchell sneaks in, tells the hotel clerk to notify all writing gentry he's been called suddenly to Timbuctoo and proceeds to have himself the time of his life.

While he is fonder than fond of pictures, he hates Hollywood, resents the dumb-show, loathes the bad taste. No camel ever welcomed a desert oasis with more glee than he does New York, after a long stay in Hollywood. He doesn't come to town often; there are too many assignments for that. But when he does—ki-yi-yippee.

Around him assembles such a motley crowd as ever graced the Stork Club's premises—columnists, bartenders, police reporters, cops and even actors. It is Mitchell who does most of the talking, fastening that magnetic eye on his friends and haranguing them on oil for the lamps

of China or, maybe, why the films are a better medium than the stage.

Ideas fascinate Mitchell. He doesn't give a fig what people have, what they are or how their pedigrees run. He talks with verve in a contagious gallop, using short words, short sentences.

On one occasion a foolish young lady, annoyed with her lack of luck in impressing him on how much she knew, switched the talk to art.

"At least, you probably can stand being posted on the fine arts," she said haughtily.

"I'm sure I can, miss," he said. "Won't you tell us all about it?"

What the lassie never discovered until a fortnight later was that Mitchell knows art like no one's business, has a magnificent collection and recently purchased a Rembrandt.

Although he's remembered for the laughs he inspires in us, he, himself, he confesses, is a set-up for tears.

"Put me in a theatre where Life is dealing them off the bottom to Mollie the beautiful cloak model and I'm weeping bucketfuls."

Why?

"The Irish have always been able to see more tears around us than anyone else," he says with that strange sadness.

A moment and it's gone. And Mitchell's himself again, a gusty, effervescent, jumping bean of a fellow in whose presence strangely enough you have lost all desire to talk.

Dawn of a New Day

[Continued from page 64]

Carole Lombard or a Hedy Lamarr. "I don't want to be anybody," is the way she puts it. "I want to be Laraine Day, if I can learn how."

Has natural high coloring. Ash brown hair, with gold glints, blue eyes. Five foot, five, weighs 112. Never has had a sick day in her life. Isn't interested in athletics, but loves to swim. Indolent about everything but her work.

When Great Grandfather Rich sold the Mormon land, prior to going back to Utah, Laraine's great grandmother refused to sign the deed. Recently attorneys approached the Johnson family, suggesting that the property, now in the heart of San Bernardino, could be restored to the family legally. The Johnsons refused.

After the preview of "My Son, My Son!" Laraine said to her hairdresser: "How is my behavior? Have I changed any? Kick me real hard if I have."

Laraine took the name of Day from the kindly old stage director, Elias Day, of the Long Beach Guild. He had helped her tremendously, believed in her. Day died two years ago. The name Laraine was shifted from Loraine for euphony.

Spends hours in ten-cent stores picking up odd little gadgets for the girls who work on her pictures, the script girls, hairdressers and so on.

In other words, a pretty little Mormon—thoughtful, sincere and, false eyelashes or no false eyelashes, plus sex appeal. If I were Burnett Ferguson, carrying the Word to far places, I'd be worried.

A Wad of Money

DOESN'T MAKE YOU RICH

A sure way to fatten your pocketbook is to wad money up in bunches. But *folded* bills buy just as much...and are lots less bulky!

Elementary? Certainly! And for just that same reason Kotex sanitary napkins are made with a soft *folded* center! This naturally makes Kotex *less bulky* than napkins made with loose, wadded fillers!



Snap your fingers at worry! For safety's sake, an *improved* new type of moisture-resistant material is now placed between the soft folds of every Kotex pad...

And that's not all! Kotex has flat, form-fitting ends that never show...never make ugly bulges...the way napkins with thick, stubby ends so often do!



Kotex* comes in three sizes, too! Unlike most napkins, Kotex comes in *three* different sizes—*Super—Regular—Junior*. (So you may vary the size pad to suit different days' needs.)

All 3 sizes of Kotex have soft, folded centers...flat, tapered ends...and moisture-resistant "safety panels". And *all 3 sizes* sell for the same low price!



FEEL its new softness

PROVE its new safety

COMPARE its new, flatter ends

"You scarcely know you're wearing it!"

*Trade Mark Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.



Are you seeking HAPPINESS?

Let ZOSTAR point the way.

Age old secrets of Ancient Chaldea now revealed. Know from day to day what the future holds. Romance, Marriage, Divorce, Finances and thousands of other questions. No knowledge of Astrology necessary. ZOSTAR erects your own or anyone else's chart by newly discovered Cartomancy method. Same sensational system that's made ZOSTAR's author, Anthony Ariel, legendary figure among Hollywood picture stars. 35,000 word illustrated book, complete instructions for all birthdates together with large perpetual Zodiacal chart. Complete for only \$1.10 postpaid. Foreign 25 cents additional. Satisfaction definitely guaranteed.

Have you a Problem?

Let ZOSTAR solve it.

THE STAR PRESS

P. O. Box 1302

Fort Worth, Texas

MUSIC COMPOSED TO POEMS

Send poem for consideration. Rhyming pamphlet free. Phonograph electrical transcriptions made, \$7.00 from your word and music manuscript. Any subject considered, Love, Home, Sacred, Swing.

KEENAN'S MUSIC SERVICE

Box 2140, Dept. SC

Bridgeport, Conn.

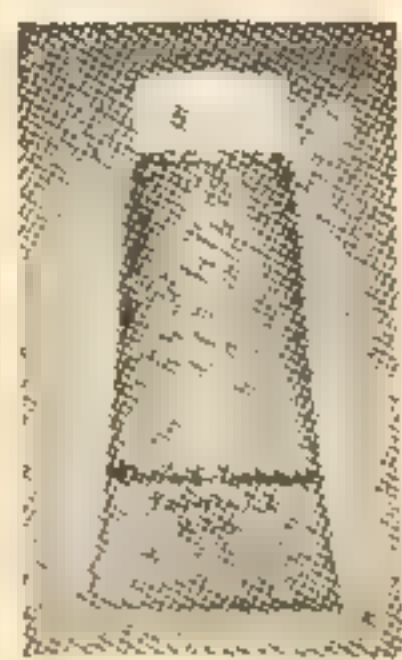


Sparkling Eyes
attract admirers



Make your eyes gleam with light, dance with brightness! Use KURLASH, the wonderful eyelash curler that sweeps lashes upwards, makes eyes appear larger and lovelier. Requires no heat, cosmetics or practice. This dainty beauty aid is only \$1.00.

P. S. KURLENE, the rich, oily-base cream makes lashes appear dark and luxuriant. Used with Kurlash, makes curl last longer. Ideal for daytime make-up, too. 50¢



KURLASH

The Only Complete Eye-Beauty Line

THE KURLASH COMPANY, INC.

ROCHESTER, N. Y.

CANADA, TORONTO 3

Write Jane Heath, Dept. B-7, for generous trial tube of Kurlene (send 10c in coin or stamps). Receive free chart analysis of your eyes and how to make the most of them

Name _____

Address _____

Color • Eyes _____ Hair _____ Skin _____

"She Heet de Bool's Eye!"

[Continued from page 42]

don't let any of the customers leave—if they start to go we jump down from the stage after them—seven feet that drop is!"

She adjusted the comb skilfully, tossed lace over it, got a red rose mixed up in the concoction and the Rio Grande River flowed right in through the star's dressing room high on 44th Street in New York City.

"Dorothy Mackaill, without padding, took over the job with Mr. Bennett and I got work dancing. Then Douglas Fairbanks (senior) saw me and gave me a chance to try out—along with 300 others—for the part opposite him in 'The Gaucho.' I got the part, but only because of Gene Pallette, who didn't know me at all."

It seems that Fairbanks looked at the Velez girl standing there with a Chihuahua under her arm and dismissed her because she seemed too placid for the role. Which bothered her not at all since she was movie-celebrity mad and was radiantly happy over the fact that Mr. Fairbanks had even looked at her. So she set the dog down while she patched up her make-up before leaving the studio. This was the chance for which Pallette had been waiting half an hour—he stole the tiny dog and rushed off to play a joke on Fairbanks. When Doug saw the ferocious drubbing Pallette got from Lupe he signed her up on the spot.

"He found out I am not placid also, later on, too, when he told me to take my shoes off. I will not do that, I have feet like a, a peacock bird!"

Her secretary, Miss Kinder, came in with a beauteous Mexican dancer-friend of Lupe's. This Kinder woman not only secretaries, she makes all of the costumes Lupe wears—take a costume, Miss Kinder! The two Mexicans went into a linguistic huddle. "Mon Dieu!" exclaimed Lupe in its Spanish equivalent, "does not thees girl look like Dolores Del Rio?" Then they went off into yards of violent Spanish again. "She said 'goodbye,'" explained Lupe.

"When I was working in 'The Gaucho,'" she went on, "they all make fun of my age. 'Why are you not in school, babee?' they ask. 'Where are your peeg tails?' they say. Well, I show them. I have the very first date of my life with the director of the movie. I loved him desperately, even eef he deed pat my head like a leetle girl on the movie lot."

"I spent all my money on two white fox furs and I started out on my first date weeth the man I love—to a movie around the corner! He delivered me home at ten and he wanted to know why I was crying when he left me—with a pat on my head!"

She made a nation-wide hit in "The Gaucho," and the studios fell all over themselves in their efforts to hire her. The list of her movie leading men reads like a Hollywood *Who's Who*. "Congo," with Walter Huston, "Wolf Song," with Gary Cooper—work with Lon Chaney, the master of disguise—hundreds, almost, of others equally well known. She also

made a turkey called "Laughing Boy," with Ramon Novarro. It was no laughing matter. . . .

It's her stage background, though, that makes the ad-libbing she does all through her recent pictures possible. And the natural-sounding lines that result from this off-the-cuff dialogue are probably sixty percent of the reason back of her successful return to the ranks of the Hollywood money-makers.

"I am a Ziegfeld girl," she lit a cigaret; adding as an afterthought, "and I smoke too much."

She is a member in good standing of that diminishing group of glorified people, the Ziegfeld girls. To her measure "Hot Cha" was done in the Ziegfeld manner and Bert Lahr ("I love heem!") played opposite her. Here the ad-lib reigned supreme and a favorite trick of Lupe's was to chew cheap gum and let it drool out of the corner of her mouth so that Lahr could see it, but the audience couldn't. It broke him up every time—but what he did in return she didn't say.

She also toiled with Jimmie Durante in "Strike Me Pink," and "You'll Never Know," with Clifton Webb and Libby Holman. When this show went on the road the Shuberts decided to invest more money in it for scenery and whatnot. Lupe was against this as a needless expense and she was proven right, in spite of the fact that the show was able to play eleven months on the road.

One reason that might possibly have affected her pictures in the fairly recent past could have been her marriage to Johnny Weissmuller, Hollywood's Tarzan. Lupe laughed and said, "Everybody says, 'Why don't you learn better English, Lupe deeah?' So I answer, 'I was married to a guy who can only say, 'Me Tarzan, you Jane!'" How can I learn English from heem?"

The newspaper boys have been inclined to blame Lupe for the highly-exaggerated stories that were rife concerning the pair's knock-down, drag-out fights. It was Lupe's fault, they said, every time a fight came off. It wasn't always. . . .

"Because I am supposed to be nuts everyone blames me entirely for the divorce," she complained. "In some of my movies I act crazy, sure. That's all right for my work, but off stage I am not temperamental—I am very easy to get along with, yes?" She turned to her secretary. The secretary, with a look of devotion in her eyes, assured her that she was.

"I'll tell you right now that I was not to blame for what happened. You know what? I love the newspaper men, the press, but some of them have been very mean to me. Like the time Johnnee and I were flying East." The phone rang and she spent several minutes talking, meanwhile absentmindedly sniffing at a scallion. The photographer snapped her at her sniffing. She grinned good-naturedly.

"I had taken a pill to help me sleep. Johnnee won't take them, but anyway, I was sleeping in my chair—they didn't have berths then—when a book from the rack above fell down and hit me right on

the eye. Of course, it got black and I felt awful, because I knew right away what the press would say. So I got a paper for, what do you call it, testimonies? Yes, and I went among the other passengers asking them to sign saying that a *book* hit me, *not* Johnnee. But what do you think the headlines said later on? That's right—'JOHNNIE SOCKS LUPE!'"

She showed her nice teeth and changed her chair.

"Then another time. Johnnee and I were in a plane going to the Coast. Johnnee was plane seeck—oh! he was green seeck! Poor boy! He said, 'Mommy, I'm dying!' I said, 'All right, sweetheart, I'll take care of you.' So when we arrived instead of getting on the airport bus I told the porter to put the bags in a cab that was standing there. I had the bags and Johnnee all in when a man came up with the driver and said that he had ordered the car and that this was his regular driver. So I started to haul out the bags—Johnnee was still groaning inside the cab. Just then two men with cameras came up behind me and *snap* there I was with a bag in my hand and Johnnee stretched out in the taxi. What do you think the headlines were this time, huh? I'll tell you—'LUPE LEAVES JOHNNIE AT AIRPORT!'"

The most obvious thing about this girl is that she does not conform to the average person's impression of her. She is not crazy, she is not temperamental. She is lively, yes—perhaps "vivacious" would be a better description of her.

She is also by way of being a philosopher. "Why worry?" she asked. "You worry and it gets you nowhere. We all get old anyway and if you fret you just get older all the queerer. That's why I look so young as I am—I relax. And I am *not* old!" One magazine had said, apparently, that she was born in 1908, which would make her 32. She went into a long and involved family history about her sisters, some aunts and an uncle and their combined ages and ended up by saying that if she, Lupe, were 32 her mother would have to be 120 years old—which she, on the blessed saints, is not. "I am twenty-eight and if you don't believe me ask the government. How could I be in thees countree with false papers?" She looks twenty-eight.

She doesn't care about making super-colossal pictures. Is content with doing the kind that draw regardless of their cost and she is willing to work as she now does, on a flat-rate basis—i.e., so much per picture and no percentage. Her movie set is always wide open to anyone. Her pals meet there and she doesn't care whether one or a hundred watch her toss a pie or muss Donald Woods.

Lupe eats everything in sight. When they have a table set up for a scene in a movie where there is eating to be done they usually post a man there just in case Velez sees it. They were using some thirty small cream pies in "Mexican Spitfire" and these were spread out on a table, for the moment unguarded. Then Lupe spotted the pies and, starry-eyed, wolfed down four of them before an assistant director rushed up yelling, "What have you done, Lupe?" "I have just eaten a leetle, four of them I think, why?" "Heavens above!" he wailed, "they've been sprayed with fly spray to keep the bugs off 'em—

they're just for throwing—you'll die!" She shrugged her shoulders at us, "I guess I deened't. . . ."

She doesn't intend to marry again. She has no current heart-throb, she says. She sports a giant emerald-cut diamond on her left hand and on her right a plain horse-shoe nail twisted up into a ring. She wears this for good luck. She knows everyone in Hollywood and likes them all. The Velez impersonations are something unbelievable, they're so good; especially one about Hitler, which she won't perform in public because she doesn't think politics and show business mix.

She likes the stage proper, but not personal appearance tours but takes them to make money—at about \$4,000 a week—so she can relax, which she does best by lying abed playing solitaire. In a recent poll taken in South America among theatre audiences she ranked second, beaten only by Garbo.

She makes gags which she calls "silly sayings." They're not very good, but she likes them and so do her friends who want to gather them into a book. At the Paramount she was playing on the same bill with the movie "Dr. Cyclops," in which people are reduced to one-fifth their normal size. Apropos of it she said, "In the peecture they have *leetle* people so they have to have *beeg* people on the stage," pointing at herself and laughing. Then she pranced around the room patting herself on the back. That was a "silly saying."

This girl who is making a whirlwind comeback in pie-throwing feature comedies wants to do dramatics. "Back in about 1927," she began, "I did dramatic movies like 'The Squaw Man' for Cecil B. DeMille and Tolstoy's 'Resurrection.' That was the only sort of thing I deed and I got so fed up that I said, 'Eef you geev me one more dramatic theeng—eef I cry again in a peecture, I queet!' I wanted to sing hot songs and everytime they gave me 'The Cuban Love Song!'" She sang several sample bars in a remarkably good voice. "I knew that I was typed, but all the producers would say was, 'Lupe, deeah, you are not suited to comedy!'"

"Then in 1932 came Mr. Ziegfeld and 'Hot Cha' and I was the hottest of them all. All my shows were comedy and jazz. Then I say, 'Please may I do some drama, I thenk I am very good at crying.' And they say, 'Lupe, deeah, you are not suited to drama!' That ees teepical of Hollywood!"

Good showman that she is she went down on the elevator with us to count the house from backstage. "How's the house, Joe?" she asked the elevator man. "About three people," he exaggerated, with a grin. Actually it was a small house because it was 6:15 and people were home having dinner. "Then I think," she said, "I get a shotgun and when I come on stage I say, 'What do you know, People! There has just been a murder in the balcony and no one knew it! Ha ha!'"

Call that a silly saying if you must, but this young lady is far from being dumb—she knows her show business. And remember, please, that she is *not* a mad Mexican—she's a nice girl, in any language, who simply needs to be better understood by people.

Understand?



DON'T be afraid of unkind remarks about your bare legs this Summer, when you follow the stockingless fashion in shorts, sports and dress clothes.

"Pour yourself a pair of stockings" and glamorize your legs. MINER'S LIQUID MAKE-UP will give them the same velvety attractiveness it does to face, neck and arms. Stays on for hours and hours.

Try *Hawaiian* the new Summer shade, or one of the 4 other flattering skin tones.

Ask for by name—
and get the original

MINER'S
Liquid
MAKE-UP

25¢ & 50¢ at cosmetic counters;
trial size at 10¢ stores

FREE Generous Sample

Send Coupon and 3c Stamp

MINER'S, 12 E. 12th St., Dept. S-70, New York, N. Y.
I enclose 3c stamp to cover mailing cost. Send
me generous sample of Miner's Liquid Make-Up
FREE!

Name _____

Address _____

Hawaiian ☐ Suntan ☐ Brunette ☐ Rachelle ☐ Peach ☐

FOR INTERNAL MONTHLY HYGIENE

SMALLER TAMPONS

(EASIEST TO USE)

YET SUPER ABSORBENT

(EXCELLENT PROTECTION—BETTER SERVICE)

at a thrifty price!

No wonder women by the thousands are turning to HOLLY-PAX! Superabsorbent—a HOLLY-PAX tampon actually absorbs 10 times its weight in liquid. (See for yourself—dip one into a glass of water, and watch!) Extraordinary protection and long service—HOLLY-PAX gives you more value at low price. They're doubly thrifty.

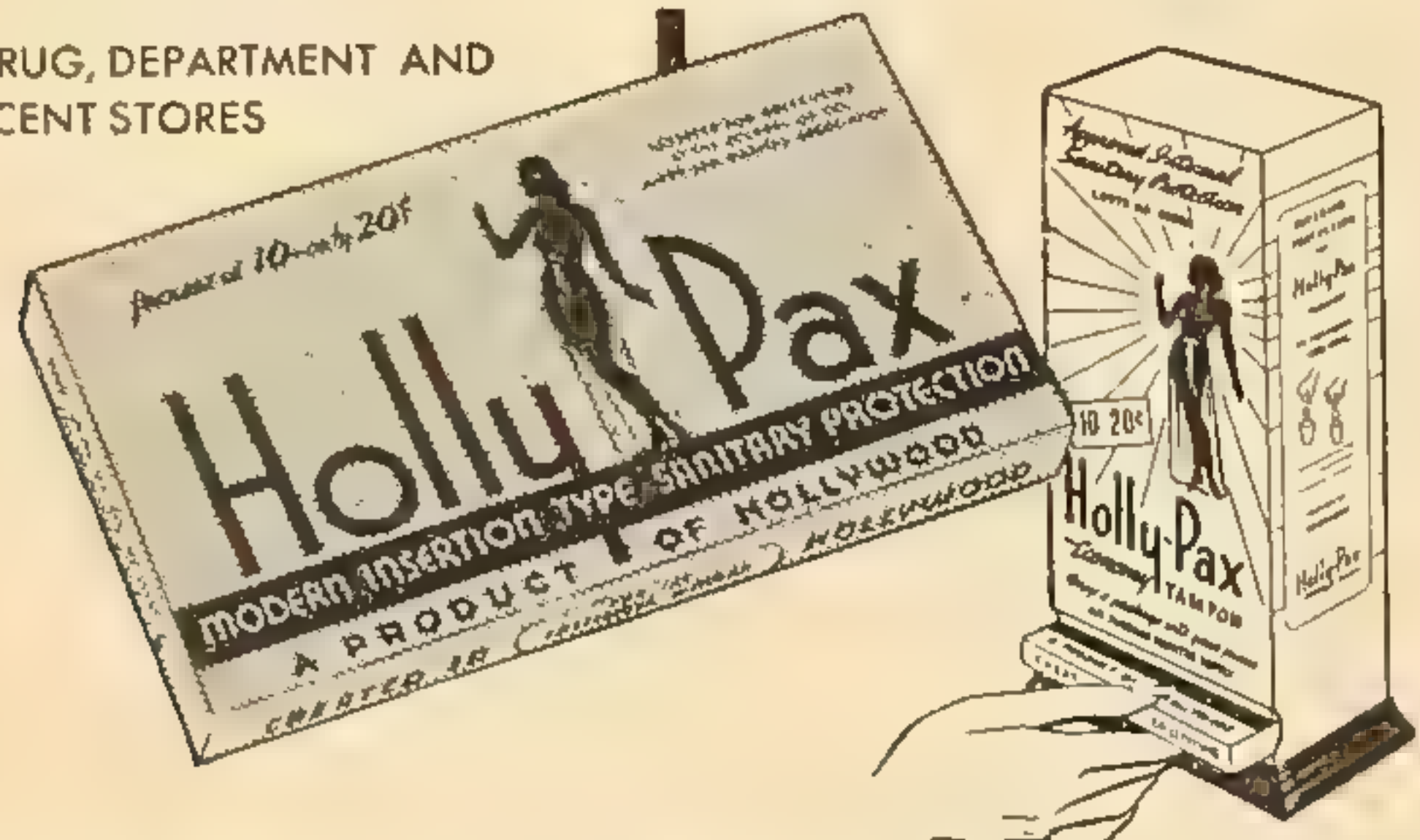
Why don't you try them?

Hygienically safe. HOLLY-PAX is accepted for advertising in the Journal of the American Medical Association. Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping, too, as advertised therein.

Holly-Pax

THE ECONOMY TAMPON—10 for 20¢

AT DRUG, DEPARTMENT AND TEN-CENT STORES



Send for New Facts You Should Know About Monthly Hygiene Free. HOLLY-PAX, Box H24, Palms Sta., Hollywood, Cal.

SONG POEM WRITERS
Write for free inspiring booklet outlining opportunities for amateur songwriters. ALLIED MUSIC, INC., Dept. 10, Box 507, Cincinnati, Ohio

Your Handwriting Analyzed!

Are you discouraged in your job?
... Unhappy in love or friendships?
... Troubled by money matters?

Let ARIEL, eminent, qualified graphologist analyze your handwriting—mirror your personality. No two handwritings are alike and ARIEL gives you an individual reading. She can point out traits or mannerisms which may be holding you back—put you on the road to greater happiness and success—as she has thousands!

Mail today a sample of your handwriting, 5 lines or more, with month and day of birth (year is unnecessary) and enclose twenty-five cents.

Perhaps you would like to know more about a friend, sweetheart or business associate. Send specimens of their handwriting, with 25¢. A character analysis makes an ideal and different birthday or anniversary gift!

ARIEL

P. O. Box 41, Station G(I), New York, N. Y.

Beautiful Legs

[Continued from page 17]

vigorous. Red Sand, a subtle rose with rusty overtones, and Pirate Red is a rich, tropical shade. These polishes are very resistant to chipping and peeling, and so do extremely well at foot.

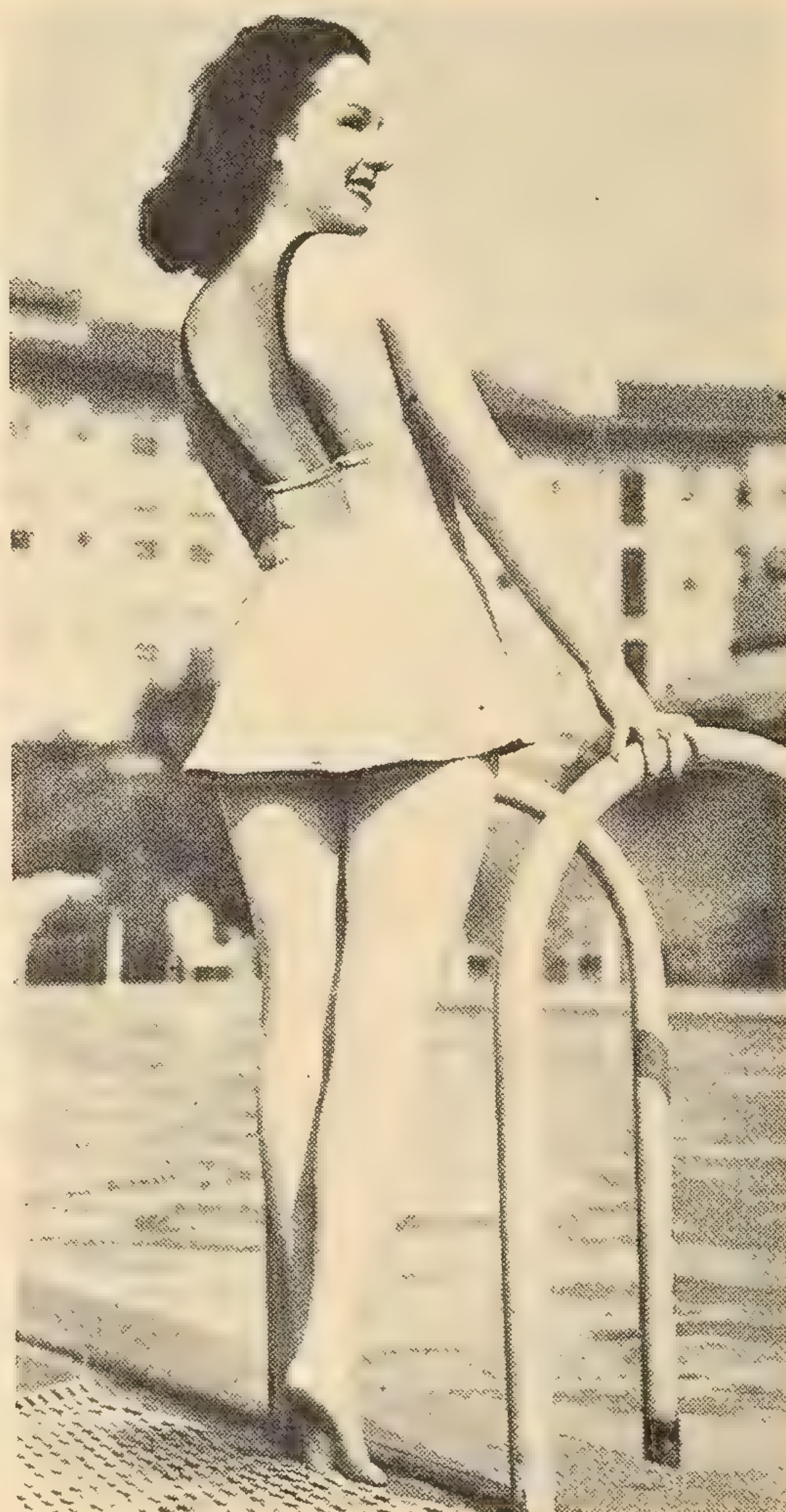
Few of us are satisfied with the shape of our legs, just as few are satisfied with figures. Exercise helps develop muscle and muscle gives shape. Exercise will also help to reduce soft flesh. I wish I had room here to go well into the subject, but it is far too extensive to cover. However, there is a splendid little book on exercises for over-weights that I'd like to send you, if you'll just send me your name and address. This book includes your entire body, is highly informative, helpful and entertaining. It is a real addition to your library.

As to illusion regarding shapeliness, here are some simple tips. If your legs are large, wear a darker stocking tone; if too thin, wear lighter. If your legs are short and heavy, wear a pump type of shoe, which gives more length to the general leg. If legs are long and thin, then a strap, oxford or high-reaching instep effect breaks the length. If your legs are bowed, learn to stand with one foot slightly behind the other. Then the condition will not be so noticeable. If the joints of your feet are broad and protruding, wear pumps with broader bows. This disguises the foot.

I truly think the best way to learn grace in leg movement and posture is to



Aids for a well-proportioned silhouette! Thymold girdles and brassieres are designed for the figure that is difficult to control with the usual corsetting. These garments are made of perforated rubber, lined with a suede-like cotton to keep body contact soft and smooth. Thymolds control bulges and bumps; they give with every motion of the body, permitting freedom of action, comfort and beautifully moulded lines. So perfectly do they distribute and sculpt the figure that a size smaller dress often can be worn. Mary Lee, Silver Screen, 45 West 45th Street, New York City, will send more details.



Paramount's Wanda McKay's legs look stunning in her B. V. D. bathing suit, because she takes good care of them.

take a few lessons in ballroom dancing from a good teacher. You will learn the fundamentals of dancing and much more, besides. You will learn the right motion in walking and standing. Never stand with feet widely separated. This is most awkward and ungraceful. Just the other day, a man said to me, "Girls would look so much better if they'd stand with feet together." Or one foot slightly back of the other, as mentioned above, is also graceful. Learn to walk lightly. If you'll watch yourself for a little while, you can do this. Don't plant feet firmly, unless you're playing golf. When you sit, let legs and feet relax, and keep feet fairly together.

As I said in the beginning, I think those lovely screen legs we all admire have been put through paces much as those outlined herein. In fact, all this and more, besides. So I think a little leg work for the rest of us is now in order!

Reader: Would you like to "pour yourself a pair of stockings," or try a glamourizing liquid make-up for face, neck, arms and back? If so, simply return this coupon with a three-cent stamp to Mary Lee, Silver Screen, 45 West 45th Street, New York City, and check the tone you want—Hawaiian—Suntan—Peach—Rachel—Brunette.

Love Is All That Matters

[Continued from page 45]

graphically as the trunk had told it. Of course, later they told me all about that cross-country ride from New York, or to be exact from Jersey City, for it was there their vaudeville tour ended in a bust. Soon after there was their laughter turning tragedy into comedy and dismissing the fear they must have felt sometimes. But looking at their things I knew the story then. First of all, the car, one of those bargains picked up for a few dollars and not worth even that, the roll of bedding telling of nights spent in the open, the stove, sooty and eloquent, of the simple meals that had been cooked on it. Telling of hardship and poverty, but telling most of all of the courage and hope and spirit that had served a modern boy and girl just as it had served those others who had come in covered wagons a scarce hundred years ago.

Oh, they had courage, Eddie and Jean, and they had hope, too. But spirit was really the word for them. They couldn't be downed those two. Not in the beginning anyway. At first, they were so confident they would find something right away. Maybe not leading parts, but important ones. Good, sound, supporting roles that would lead to bigger things later on.

"Just wait 'til they see Eddie's routine," Jean would say, her brown eyes glistening with pride. "Sometimes even I have to laugh so hard when he does that bashful hick kid act that I almost stop the show. He's a real professional, you know. His mother and father were in vaudeville, too, and he's one of those trunk-for-a-cradle babies you hear about. And I thought those stories were hokey until Eddie told me he was born right in a dressing room in Erie, Pennsylvania."

"Don't let Jean fool you," Eddie said then. "Maybe she wasn't born to the stage the way I was. But the minute I saw her I knew she had the stuff. You know, class. She was working in a store in Philadelphia, but the minute she waited on me I knew she had that something. You know, that Park Avenue glamour. And just wait 'til you see her as the deb in our act who sort of takes me over the jumps. Boy, is she swell!"

That's the way they were. Boosting each other all the time and honestly convinced the other was tops. They were tops those two kids. Everybody in our bungalow court adored them. They were so much in love with each other that some of it just naturally had to spill over and embrace all of us. Nothing was too much for them. If they had a can of beans for dinner they managed to make it go far enough to include the little girl from Kansas who hadn't found a job yet.

The day the boy from Alabama went into his apartment with that set look on his face it was Eddie who went in after him and took the gun out of his hand and never said a word to anyone about it. It was the boy who told me about it that night at the party Eddie and Jean threw to get him out of the doldrums.

TORRID TEST in HAVANA

TEMPERATURE

81°



NO UNDERARM ODOR AFTER!

Yes, you can rely on Yodora's protection! Even under conditions that put a deodorant to the severest kind of test! To prove it, a trained nurse in tropical Havana arranged this dramatic "torrid test." She asked Miss R. V. to make the test. After using Yodora, Miss V. danced 4 hours, 30 minutes ... at a temperature of 81°! Yet after this severe test, her underarms remained untainted! ... Amazingly efficient—

Yodora seems as silky, delicate and lovely as your face cream. Will not spoil fabrics—leaves no unpleasant smell on garments. Jar 10¢, 25¢ or 60¢. Tube 25¢.

McKesson & Robbins, Inc.

YODORA
DEODORANT CREAM

And what fun that party was. The high point, of course, was when Eddie and Jean got into their costumes, that looked pretty worn and dingy seen close up like that, and did their act. I'd love to be able to tell you it was as good as they thought it was. But it wasn't. It was the typical, corny act that third rate vaudeville was so full of. Only since it was Eddie and Jean handing out all those old gags to each other we couldn't help liking it, any more than we could help liking Eddie and Jean.

Maybe their act wasn't so hot. But Eddie and Jean were. But I'm only repeating myself. I told you before they were tops with us.

Eddie was so darn likeable with his short boyish nose and wide grin and clear blue eyes and Jean, well Jean looked the sort of girl most men dream of marrying some day. She was so pretty. Her brown eyes had a touch of violet in them so that they looked like those dark purple velvety pansies that you see in gardens in May and her face looked like a pansy, too, with her wide forehead and far apart eyes balancing her small pointed chin.

Although the rest of us worried at times and grumbled over lack of money they never did. Sometimes they'd get a week's work at one of the little bars or cheap clubs that Hollywood is so full of, and they'd be as excited as if they were appearing at the Trocadero or Coconut Grove. And though they always gave a party to celebrate, and you didn't really see any signs of economizing at all, they somehow managed to eke the money out so they could hold on until the next engagement came.

They hadn't given up hope of getting in pictures, but as first the weeks went by and after that the months, they didn't talk about it as much as they had in the beginning.

Yet they were always so excited when I came back from an interview, asking all about the stars I had been talking to, how they lived and what they were wearing and how they got started. They were hungry for every little detail I could think of to tell them.

[Continued on page 78]

FEMININE HYGIENE

We want married women to know about CARBOZINE Hygienic Tablets. Over 40 years of proven use. They are greaseless, stainless, non-poisonous and non-irritating. Effective. Easy to use. Simply send your name and address and we will send you **FREE** samples and an amazingly informative booklet. **ACT NOW!** Mailed in plain wrapper. CARBOZINE LABORATORY, 315-H S. Bldg., St. Louis, Mo.

FREE SAMPLES TO WOMEN

MONEY for Talent

BECOME A PROFESSIONAL ARTIST

If you have drawing talent, a large salary or a profitable business of your own can soon be yours. Learn commercial art at home through America's oldest and finest school. Forty years of successful teaching proves our ability. Write today for catalogue and full details. No obligation.

SCHOOL OF APPLIED ART
Dept. 700-B 10 E. Huron Street Chicago, Ill.

WHAT S-I-T-U-A-T-I-O-N-S!

Read, "ANDY HARDY MEETS A DEBUTANTE" in the big July

SCREENLAND

10¢—NOW ON SALE—10¢

"MASTER MELODY MAKERS" WANT SONG POEMS AT ONCE

to be set to music
PROMPT PLACEMENT
with Publishers, Nickel Machines, Etc. **FREE** examination. Recordings **FREE**—Write the "MASTER MELODY MAKERS," B.1
6411 Hollywood Blvd. Hollywood, Calif.

FOR DELICATE SKINS

EXTRA SOFT!

YET THEY COST NO MORE

Betty Lou

Betty Lou
POWDER PUFFS

AT ALL 5-AND-10¢ STORES



Clear, Soothe TIRED EYES IN SECONDS!



Only **TWO DROPS** of this eye specialist's formula are needed to **SOOTHE** and **REFRESH** dull, tired eyes . . . Its special **EXCLUSIVE** ingredient quickly **CLEARs** eyes red and inflamed *(from late hours, fatigue, driving, overindulgence, etc.).



Thousands prefer stainless, sanitary, safe **EYE-GENE**, because it is quickly **EFFECTIVE** in making **EYES FEEL GOOD**. **WASH** your eyes with **EYE-GENE** today. On sale at drug, department and ten-cent stores.

USE



EYE-GENE



closed geared luminous color dial for easy tuning. **PLEASED WITH RECEPTION & DISTANCE OBTAINED** with this novel radio. **ONE YEAR GUARANTEE!**

Sent ready to listen with instructions and tiny phone for use in homes, offices, hotels, in bed, etc. **NO ELECTRICITY NEEDED!** **SEND NO MONEY!** Pay postman only \$2.99 plus postage & charges on arrival or send \$2.99 (Check, M. O., Cash) and yours will be sent postpaid. A most unusual value. **ORDER NOW!** **MIDGET RADIO CO., Dept. SC-7, Kearney, Nebr.**

SONG POEMS WANTED

TO BE SET TO MUSIC

Free Examination. Send Your Poems To

J. CHAS. McNEIL

A. B. MASTER OF MUSIC

510-V So. Alexandria Los Angeles, Calif.



Reviews

[Continued from page 53]

IT ALL CAME TRUE

ANN SHERIDAN GETS A REALLY GOOD YARN—*Warner Brothers*

FOR the first time in her young life pretty Miss Ann Sheridan finds herself in a first rate, corking good picture. Beautifully photographed, and very much at ease in her comedy lines, Ann at last has a chance to live up to her publicity. The story, written by Louis Bromfield, centers about an old-fashioned boarding house run by Jessie Busley and Una O'Connor, two belles of the Gay Nineties. Ann, the daughter of one, and Jeffrey Lynn, the son of the other, are in love with each other. Into this boarding house one day comes Humphrey Bogart, a gangster, who has to hide out until the time is ripe for his escape. His entrance causes quite a flurry in the dull lives of the inmates, and Humphrey becomes so interested in them that eventually he mellows and decides to give himself up to the law. But before that he transforms the boarding house into a night club and has the money rolling in. There's excellent novelty entertainment by the Elderbloom Chorus, Stanley and White, Bender and Daum, and the Lady Killer's Quartet.

BEYOND TOMORROW

SPIRIT STUFF—*RKO*

THIS is the story of three old men, Harry Carey, C. Aubrey Smith, and Charles Winninger, who, lonely on Christmas Eve, throw three purses out of the window as a means of selecting their dinner guests. One purse is returned by Jean Parker, a young nurse, and a second by Dick Carlson, a young man from the West stranded in New York. The two young people fall in love and the three old friends appoint themselves as guardians. All three of them are killed in a plane accident, but they linger on earth as disembodied spirits, awaiting the call to Judgment, and watch over their two young proteges who have become their heirs. Dick gets a job on the radio, and through the conniving of Helen Vinson becomes a famous musical comedy star. Two of the spirits answer their heavenly calls, but Charles Winninger defies the Almighty to aid his young friends who have gotten their lives into a mess. There's a happy ending—and Mr. Winninger gets another chance to go to Heaven.

IF I HAD MY WAY

SONGS AS YOU LIKE THEM—*Universal*

LITTLE Gloria Jean, Universal's wonder child, who has blossomed into fame this past year, has the great honor in this picture of being co-starred with Hollywood's favorite crooner, Massa Bing Crosby—and singing duets with him, too. There are a whole flock of songs that will delight you, especially the way Bing and Gloria Jean put them over, most noteworthy of them being "Meet the Sun Halfway" and "I Haven't Time To Be a Millionaire." The story is all about three bridge builders who work side by side.

When Gloria Jean's father is killed, she is inherited by Bing, who along with El Brendel, the third bridge builder, sets out for New York to seek fame and fortune. They put a languishing cafe on its feet and have a lot of fun. It's the same old formula story. But when Bing and Gloria Jean sing, you don't care about the plot anyway. Old-timers will get a kick out of seeing such favorites of yesteryear as Blanche Ring, Trixie Friganza, Julian Eltinge and Grace LaRue. Charles Winninger and Nana Bryant play Gloria Jean's great uncle and aunt.

'TIL WE MEET AGAIN

WELL ACTED LOVE STORY—*Warners*

ABOUT eight years ago this picture was made by Kay Francis and William Powell, called "One Way Passage," and, although quite an unpretentious little picture, became one of the best box office attractions of the year. The re-make, called "'Til We Meet Again," is not quite as unpretentious, in fact it has been prettied up considerably, but it is still well acted—this time by Merle Oberon and George Brent. The story, as you probably remember, is about a young woman with a serious heart condition who has only a few months to live, and a young murderer being taken to San Quentin where the death cell awaits him. They meet aboard ship, fall romantically in love, and each, of course, tries to keep his secret problem from the other. On the boat are Pat O'Brien, a detective returning from Hong Kong to San Francisco, Geraldine Fitzgerald, an attractive ship passenger, Binnie Barnes, an international siren with a millionaire title (*Eric Blore*) in tow, and Frank McHugh, a criminal pal of Brent's.

THE DOCTOR TAKES A WIFE

FUNNIEST COMEDY IN AGES—*Columbia*

LORETTA YOUNG and Ray Milland are teamed most successfully in this very gay comedy romance which will have you laughing your head off from beginning to the final fade-out. It's just the picture Loretta needed to put her right back up there in the big time, and as for Ray Milland, my, my, that boy is turning out to be Hollywood's best comedian. No more of those stuffy, straight roles for Ray, please. The story, with its side-splitting situations, is quite the funniest we've had on the screen in ages, and the dialogue, well, for a change, the writers needn't be ashamed to accept their checks. Loretta plays a very chic and attractive spinster authoress, who with the aid of her conniving publisher, Reggie Gardiner, is making buckets of money out of her best seller "Spinsters Aren't Spinach," because of its extremely anti-male attitude. She is reported, through circumstantial evidence, married to Ray Milland, a young neurologist who makes only a hundred dollars a month, and can't afford a wife. The two hate each other, but are forced to go through with the hoax—Loretta to save her reputation, and

because her publisher has a new book for her to write on advice to wives; and Ray because the Dean gave him a muchly coveted professorship as a wedding present. Gail Patrick, Ray's fiancée, arrives from Europe, and Loretta promises to go to Reno as soon as the book is finished. But, of course, Loretta and Ray eventually fall in love, and Loretta's little way of getting rid of Gail will knock you for a loop. Very sophisticated at times, slapstick at other times, but always amusing.

SATURDAY'S CHILDREN

LIFE AS IT IS—Warners

ANNE SHIRLEY and **John Garfield** play the leads in this adaptation of the famous stage play of some ten or more years ago. It tells the story of a young white collar worker in New York City who has dreams of going to the Philippines where he can try his experiments with hemp—but the night before his boat sails he is tricked into matrimony by a nice girl who has never done a dishonest thing before in all her life. So Anne and John settle down in New York, like thousands of other young couples, and try to make enough money to keep a roof over their heads and food in their stomachs. Romance has a hard time of it in such a sordid atmosphere, and once more John, separated from his young wife, is on the eve of sailing for the Philippines when Claude Rains, Anne's father, takes things in his own hands. Combining both pathos and comedy this is an unusually good, unpretentious picture and you'll enjoy it—if you don't

mind facing the facts of life. Lee Patrick and Roscoe Karns are excellent as Anne's sister and brother-in-law.

FLORIAN

UNUSUALLY GOOD STORY OF A HORSE—
—M-G-M

THIS is the story of Florian, a magnificent white stallion of the Lippizan strain, born and trained in the stables of Emperor Franz Josef of Austria. And anyone who loves horses will simply go mad over Florian. The picture opens with Florian as a foal in the Lippizan breeding stables of the Emperor, with Robert Young as the adoring young stable groom. After much intrigue—Florian even finds himself a pawn in the romance of Prince Oliver (*Lee Bowman*) and his ballerina girl friend (*Irina Baronava*)—Florian wins the Emperor's favor when he performs his intricate drills at the Royal Horse Show. Then comes World War I, in which he saves the life of his young groom, and helps the Duchess Diana (*Helen Gilbert*) to escape across the border. Following the War, Florian is sold and shipped to America where he is degraded in a "Lady Godiva" act at Coney Island. He rebels and is sold to a junk dealer. Bob Young traces Florian to New York, and finally finds him just as Florian, his pride broken, is on his way to the glue factory. Florian, who plays Florian in the picture, is in real life one of the celebrated Lippizan horses of Austria who was brought here in 1937 by Winfield Sheehan, who resumes his life as a producer with this picture.



NOW—A better hair remover without offensive odors!

An instantaneous success—this new and better way to banish unwanted hair... a pleasantly scented cream even more effective than old-time depilatories, yet without their offensive odors. Simply spread on, rinse off. Hair disappears instantly, your skin emerges gleaming, satin-smooth. More Zip is sold than any other depilatory—your guarantee. **NOW!—DOUBLE VALUE OFFER.** A large jar of Zip All-Purpose Cold Cream free with each tube of Zip Depilatory Cream.

608 *Madame Berthe* NEW YORK
FIFTH AVE. (at 49th St.)
Originator of Zip Cream Deodorant, Stops perspiration

WANTED

ORIGINAL SONG POEMS
any subject, for musical
setting. Publication,
Radio and Recording
service. Don't delay—
send us your poem for immediate
consideration.

RICHARD BROS., 28 Woods Building, Chicago, Ill.

CALL FOR SIT-TRUE



STRONGER. MORE ABSORBENT



**TRY OUR NEW
SITROUX
BEAUTY CREAMS**

COLD CREAM for thorough, pleasant
cleansing.

FOUNDATION CREAM for smoother,
long-lasting make-up.

**BUY SITROUX CREAMS WHERE
YOU BUY SITROUX TISSUES**



Wayne Morris and Dennis Morgan undoubtedly enjoyed making this scene with Jane Wyman and Virginia Bruce for "Flight Angels," a story of airline hostesses.

Lovely bride...



Lovely hair

~ HAIR THAT GLISTENS with beautiful, soft highlights—thanks to Nestle Colorinse. Think of what a glamorous sheen would do to the appearance of YOUR hair. Start using Colorinse tonight—rinses away the dullness left by the soap film from your shampoo. Nestle Colorinse is so easy to use—and so inexpensive, too. Harmless—washes out with shampooing. Choose your shade from the twelve flattering colors shown on the Nestle Color Chart at beauty counters. Help your dreams of romance to come true—glorify your hair with Nestle Colorinse.

10c
for package
of 2 rinses
at 10c
stores



25c
for five
rinses at
drug and
department
stores

*Just Imagine
What Happens
when—*
**"ANDY
HARDY
MEETS A
DEBUTANTE!"**

•
SPARKLING
REAL FICTION STORY
OF FILM STARRING

**MICKEY ROONEY,
JUDY GARLAND!
READ IT NOW!
ONLY IN THE BIG JULY
SCREENLAND
10c—NOW ON SALE—10c**

Love Is All That Matters

[Continued from page 75]

I don't think things ever would have changed between them if Jean hadn't gotten sick that time. It was the only time I ever saw Eddie really down. And the day they took her to the hospital I found out he could be bitter, too.

"You know I never thought much about money before," he said to me that first day he came back from visiting her, "but I do now. Listen, I'm going to get successful if it's the last thing I do. And I don't care whose toes I step on from now on. Seeing your wife in a hospital ward does things to you. You realize a few dollars might be all that stands between getting well and" He broke off abruptly and his eyes were wet, but his voice had a coldness in it that frightened me coming from Eddie. "I'm going to have money, too," he finished.

In a few weeks Jean was home again, a little thinner, a little paler under the make-up she applied so lavishly these days and that didn't fool any of us. But outside of that she was the same old Jean, wisecracking and happy and so glad to be back with Eddie again that nothing else made any difference.

Only Eddie had changed. He didn't laugh so easily any more and his mouth lost the wide boyish grin that had made it so engaging. And he didn't kid any more when we were all together.

His eyes got a cold, almost calculating look that men's eyes get when their thoughts turn only to material things. The other things, the foolish, sweet little things that had made him Eddie were all gone now. I began to feel that I'd hate to be in Eddie's way if I stood between him and something he wanted.

Only afterwards it turned out to be Jean who was to stand there. In his way, I mean. That was the time all of us went around feeling that in breaking Jean's heart, Eddie had broken ours as well. At first, we couldn't believe what had happened. There wasn't one of us who'd ever thought that Eddie could hurt Jean.

I'll never forget the day she came dashing into my apartment. That was before the thing happened, of course.

"Listen," she said doing a tap dance in her excitement. "We've just had a call from a studio. And Eddie isn't here. He went over to have a talk with our agent, and I've got to go alone. Eddie's the brains of the act and I'm so afraid I'll say the wrong thing. But they said it was important and I was to come right away and will you come with me and hold my hand or something. I'm so scared I'll die."

I went along and I was almost as thrilled as Jean when I heard the offer they were making her. It was a grand part, the part they had in mind for her. One of those parts she had dreamed of when she first came to Hollywood. Not the lead, but so perfect for her that there wasn't a doubt she could do it so well that better roles would be sure to follow it.

It sounded wonderful, but I could see the enthusiasm draining out of Jean as she listened.

"But what's in it for Eddie?" she asked at last.

There wasn't anything in it for Eddie. Only the glib promises that if the right part came up, he would be asked to do it. But promises weren't enough for Jean.

"Thanks a lot for thinking of me," she said, gathering up her bag and gloves and getting slowly up out of her chair. "But I'm afraid I can't accept it. You see Eddie and I are a team. We started together and that's how we'll finish, too. . . together. We promised each other we'd be a team the day we got married and that neither of us would ever take a part without the other. That's the way I want it to be always."

They tried to argue her out of it, but she just stood there smiling in her sweet, gentle way and shook her head. Neither one of us said anything on the way home, but when she asked me I went into the apartment with her.

Eddie was there. He looked up when we came in and my heart skipped a beat when his smile came. It was the old happy grin of the old Eddie.

"Have I got news!" he shouted. "Listen! A big part on Broadway in the biggest musical comedy of the year. Hurry and help me pack. I'm leaving tonight."

"You're leaving?" Jean looked at him steadily. "You mean I'm not going with you?"

Eddie couldn't look at her as he spoke.

"Listen, baby," he said. "I hate to tell you this, but they don't want you. And, of course, I couldn't do anything about it without miffing my chance. And you wouldn't want me to do that, would you? Anyway we've proved we're not so hot as a team. It isn't your fault. You weren't raised to the stage the way I was. And . . . and don't you see it isn't fair of you to stand in my way anymore. I've got to break out for myself. Don't you see how it is?"

"Yes," Jean said quietly. "I'm beginning to see how it is."

"You don't have to worry though, kid," Eddie said eagerly. "I won't let you down. I won't see you starve or anything. You know that I'll . . ."

"You don't have to worry about me, if that's what you mean," Jean said, her chin lifting. "I can take care of myself. As a matter of fact I got a chance to do something on my own, too, so feeling the same way you do about it I took it. That makes us quits, doesn't it, Eddie? The team's broken every way you look at it."

Suddenly her voice broke. She tore her wedding ring off her finger and threw it at him.

"Here," she said. "Take it. I don't need it any longer. After all the only use I ever had for it was to pawn it so I could eat and those days are over forever. You've done nothing but babble about how rich you were going to be these last weeks. Well watch me, Eddie Donnelly! I'm going to be rich, too!"

It was like seeing something beautiful become cheap and tawdry in front of my eyes. Of course, I couldn't blame Jean for striking back at him in her heartbreak.

But I felt I could never forgive Eddie for hurting her so much that she could do it.

I looked around the room full of the things they had shared, of the things they had hoped to share. Over the door was the piece of cardboard Eddie had made into a rough imitation of a vaudeville poster.

Eddie and Jean Donnelly tops in Taps, Songs and Witty Remarks. At the Palace next week.

Of course, they'd never made the Palace. That had only been the particular, bright star they had pinned their dreams on. And now they would never make it. For the Palace was gone, gone as completely as the young Donnellys themselves.

I looked at the empty bag that had once held a nickel's worth of popcorn and that had always been one of Eddie's most treasured possessions. Jean had given it to him one Christmas, using the last nickel she had in the world to buy it and they'd eaten it together and been as happy as if they'd been sitting down to a turkey dinner.

And there was the cheap little perfume bottle that Eddie had given her on their last wedding anniversary and that had never been opened because it was much too precious to squander.

Happiness had been lost before in Hollywood. But it was enough to make anyone believe there was no such thing as love, seeing Eddie and Jean breaking up like that.

Jean began to look the way she did just before she got sick and I was worrying about her. She'd called the studio that day just after Eddie left and the job was still hers. She was putting everything she had into it. After all, there wasn't any place else to put her heart and her soul now that Eddie was gone.

But I felt I could shake her when she got home nights and the only thing she read was the theatrical section of the New York papers she got a few days late and the copies of Variety and Billboard that she couldn't wait to buy when they came out every week. Of course, I knew what she was looking for. Just the sight of Eddie's name, that's all.

The picture was finished and the studio was so excited about her they wanted to sign her to a contract then and there. But Jean held off. And one day I knew the reason for it.

I was all excited that day for I'd just been given my first big assignment. Greta Garbo was in New York, incognito, and the magazines suspected a hidden romance and I was to be sent there, all expenses paid, to try to ferret it out.

When I told Jean about it she sat for a moment without saying anything. Then suddenly she got up and began walking around the room. You see she wasn't doing any of her little tap dances any longer.

"I'm going with you," she said then. "I know you'll think I'm silly. But I want to see what's happened to Eddie. I've looked and looked, but I haven't seen his name mentioned in any of the casts for the new shows. I'm afraid he lost out."

She was a ninny, but who was I to point that out to her? I'd been one often enough myself. So we left on the train

together and I might as well have gone alone for all the companionship I got out of Jean. She hardly said ten words from Pasadena clear on to Grand Central Station.

The first week she was in New York must have been like all the other weeks she had spent there trudging up and down Broadway. Only now it wasn't work she was looking for. It was Eddie.

I was with her the day she met him. He was standing talking to a couple of other men and you only had to take one look at them to see they were vaudeville . . . what was left of it, anyway.

He turned when he saw Jean and for a moment he couldn't pretend. He looked as if he were going to burst into tears right then and there out of sheer happiness. Then he got hold of himself and tried to be casual. But it wasn't any good. His act I mean. It didn't fool me any more than it did Jean. Not with Jean's wedding ring on his little finger and he looking as if he could have used the money a pawn shop would have given him for it.

Afterwards, Jean wormed the story out of him, how the studio had called the agent's office while he was there and reported that Jean had turned down a job because there wasn't any place for him. And how he had felt he couldn't stand in Jean's way, loving her the way he did, and seeing her go without all the things he felt she should have and remembering her in the hospital ward and knowing she might have died because there wasn't enough money for specialists and nurses and all the other things a girl needs when she is sick. So, what was there to do but clear out and give her the chance that was coming to her. And the only way she would let him go was pretending he had taken a job without her.

Of course, there never had been a job. Eddie didn't have to tell Jean that then. She could see it just standing there looking at him in his shiny suit.

"How did you make out?" he asked then. And Jean laughed.

"Awful!" she said and I wondered how a girl's eyes could look so honest and direct telling a whopper like that one. "The studio tells me I'm a washout. But then I know I never had much. What about taking me back in the team again, Eddie? We can go on the way we used to. After all we never exactly starved. And we'd be together."

Eddie looked like a starving man who had just been given a steak. He tried to say something and couldn't and then he took her in his arms and kissed her, right there in front of everybody. I felt as if I were peeping through a keyhole and turned away.

It was then I saw the name of the theatre we were standing in front of and somehow it was the way it should be, seeing that name blinking at me in electric lights. "The Palace," that's what the sign read. Eddie and Jean had realized their dream at last. They'd played their biggest scene at the Palace.

So do you wonder that I laugh when people say vaudeville is dead and the Palace is gone forever? How can they be gone with Eddie and Jean carrying them in their hearts from one honky tonk to another?



What if it is

"THAT TIME" OF MONTH?

KEEP GOING AND KEEP COMFORTABLE

... WITH THE HELP OF MIDOL

Why let "regular" suffering—the functional pain of menstruation—interfere with plans and pleasure? Many women find comfort and welcome release from calendar slavery in Midol!

Midol is a new formula, developed for its special purpose. It contains no opiates. One of its ingredients is frequently prescribed by thousands of doctors. And another—*exclusively in Midol*—reinforces Midol's relief by helping to reduce spasmodic pain peculiar to the menstrual period.

Unless there is some organic disorder calling for medical or surgical treatment, Midol helps most women who try it—giving them comfort, redeeming lost days for active living. If it doesn't help *you*, consult your doctor. Five tablets, more than enough for a convincing trial, only 20c; 12 tablets, 40c. All drugstores.



RELIEVES FUNCTIONAL PERIODIC PAIN

NEW "NAUGHTY" LIPSTICK!



A "naughty" look
..a "naughty" texture..a "naughty" scent—to give
YOU more exciting romance!



Lick your lips... really wet them... see how "naughty" this makes them look. Of course

you can't do this repeatedly... it would *fade* your lipstick. But there is a way... a way that's "naughty"

but "nice"... the new de luxe TATTOO lipstick! Apply it... see how "naughty" it makes your mouth look—how it glistens, how wet looking it is! Thrill again to its "naughty" texture—endlessly yielding and clinging! Then—still another thrill! Note the "naughty" scent! A new fragrance purposely, specially blended to quickly set hearts aflame!

Nine South Sea shades... all stores

Regular
\$1 Size
now
reduced to
49¢

Actual
Size



New de luxe TATTOO

Remove Unwanted Hair



The New, Clean,
Odorless Way

Lechler's Velvet-Stohn

No muss — No fuss. Not a depilatory or a wax. Nothing to heat, dry, mix or adjust.

A smooth pad that removes unwanted hair in a jiffy, without any odor or muss. As easy to use as a powder puff. Equally effective on arms, legs, chin, cheek and upper lip. In handy bakelite compact. Lasts many months.

MONEY BACK GUARANTEE
SEND POSTPAID FOR ONLY \$1.00

LECHLER LABORATORIES
560 Broadway, Dept. K-10, New York, N. Y.
☐ I enclose \$1.00 for Lechler's Velvet-Stohn.
☐ Send C. O. D. \$1.00 plus charges.

Name _____ Town _____
Address _____ State _____

WAKE UP YOUR LIVER BILE —

Without Calomel—And You'll Jump Out of Bed in the Morning Rarin' to Go

The liver should pour out two pints of liquid bile into your bowels daily. If this bile is not flowing freely, your food may not digest. It may just decay in the bowels. Gas bloats up your stomach. You get constipated. You feel sour, sunk and the world looks punk.

It takes those good, old Carter's Little Liver Pills to get these two pints of bile flowing freely to make you feel "up and up." Amazing in making bile flow freely. Ask for Carter's Little Liver Pills by name. 10¢ and 25¢ at all drug stores. Stubbornly refuse anything else.

MAKE MONEY

AT HOME!

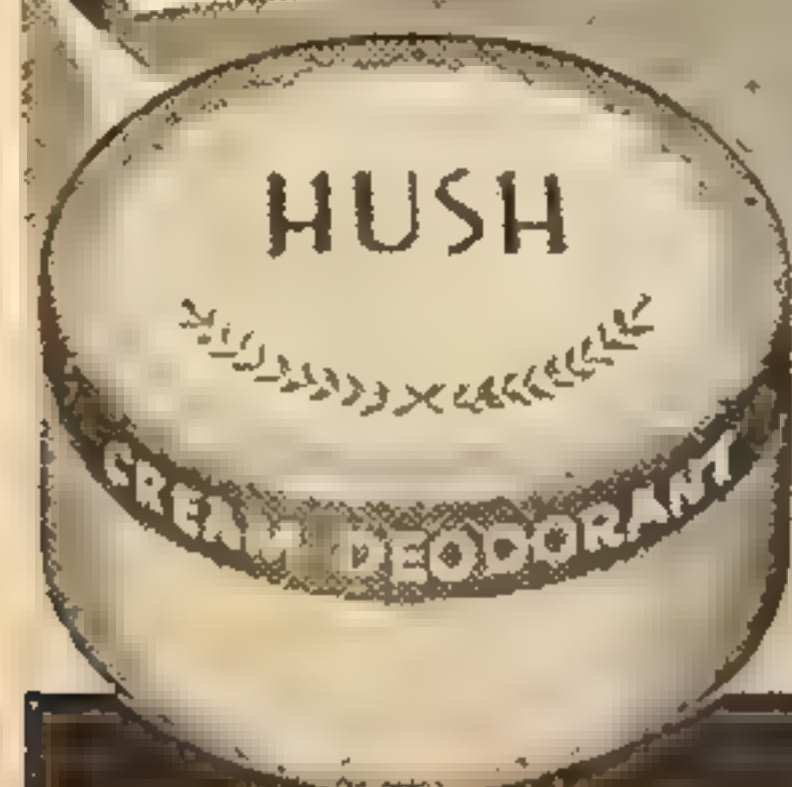
Learn to color photos and miniatures in oil. No previous experience needed. Good demand. Send for free booklet, "Make Money at Home" and requirements.

NATIONAL ART SCHOOL
3601 Michigan Ave. Dept. 443B Chicago

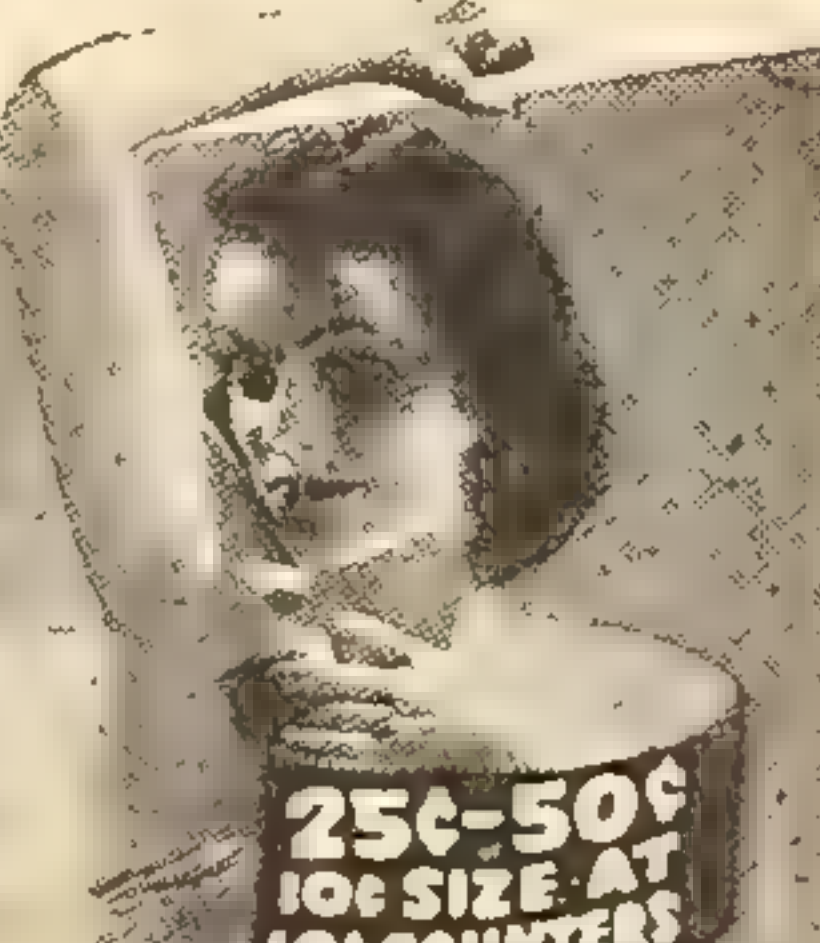
HERE'S WHY MILLIONS ASK FOR

Hush

A Pure, White, Stainless Cream
Non-irritating; Won't Harm Fabrics
Ideal For Use on Sanitary Napkins
Liberal Quantity ... Better Value
1 1/4 Oz. 25¢ ... 2 1/2 Oz. 50¢



CHECKS
UNDERARM
BODY ODORS



ALSO IN LIQUID & POWDER FORM

Pictures on the Fire!

[Continued from page 55]

he hasn't become such a hit that every writer in Hollywood has interviewed him before I get around to it.

* * *

THE last picture on the lot is "Brother Orchid," starring Edward G. Robinson and Ann Sothorn. The set is a cheap road house, one of those places with a lot of lattice-work and autumn leaves (imitation) woven into the openings. I notice an extra with a gray squirrel coat.

Of La Sothorn there is no sign, but she is finally located in her portable dressing room polishing off a huge plate of creamed chipped beef. "Lunch," she explains gayly. "I wasn't supposed to work today, but they phoned me and ordered me over here in such a hurry I hadn't a chance to eat at home."

As Annie makes the chopsticks fly I take a good gander at her. Her hair is frizzled and she has a long ostrich plume in her hat, such as Elsie Ferguson wore in "Outcast," about twenty years ago. "Is this a 'period' picture?" I ask suddenly.

"Yes," says Ann, "a very good picture. Period. Why?"

"Well, you in that hat, and all those autumn leaves that you never see anywhere any more and I saw an extra in a gray squirrel coat."

"Extras still wear gray squirrel coats—when they have them," she smiles, "it's a dump of a road house which accounts for the autumn leaves and what's the matter with my ostrich plume?"

"Why—er—nothing," I stammer, "if you're—er—déclassé."

"Is that what you call it?" she grins. "Well, I guess I am, so make the most of it."

Then the director calls her for a scene and she goes out and sits down at a table. The waiter brings her a phone and she calls up Mr. Robinson, pretending she is very drunk and also that she is with someone who is on the make. Of course, she's strictly sober and absolutely alone. What she's trying to do is make Mr. R. jealous and she succeeds admirably. In practically nothing flat he is out there at the road house to take her home.

And, of course, when Annie goes home there's no sense in my sticking around so I go over to—

Universal

ONE picture shooting here—Bing Crosby and Gloria Jean in "If I Had My Way." Well, it seems that Bing and El Brendel and Donald Woods are bridge workers and all three idolize Donald's little daughter (Gloria). Donald is killed in an accident the last night of work on the bridge and Bing goes sorrowfully (with a song in his heart) to break the news to Gloria.

"Pat," he says to her without much preamble when he gets her safely away from the crowd, "remember that poem you learned in school?"

She nods and starts to recite:

"I wish that some day you'd climb with me

To the peak of a wind-blown ridge,
Where I go to visit my oldest friend,
My faithful friend, the bridge.

He has looked for years, this friend of mine,
At the river that swirls below.
He has suffered the heat and the biting cold,
And the wind, and the rain, and the snow."

"That's it," Bing nods, taking it up to show her he's been to school, too:

"For there's more to a bridge than stone and steel—
There's the soul of the man who willed it,
And the strength of the men and the hearts of the men
And the blood of the men who built it."

"Daddy always says that, too," Gloria announces proudly.

"He was right," Bing agrees softly. "We used to talk by the hour about things like that. He was my best friend—he was closer to me than a brother," he finishes nobly.

"Was?" Gloria inquires fearfully. "Buzz, something's happened to—Daddy!"

"You'll have to be brave, honey," Bing comforts her, "like he was."

When the scene is finished and I get a good look at Bing I have to admit he practices what he preaches. There is really a brave man. No one I know loves deserts, etc., more than Bing, but for the sake of art and his figure he has eschewed sweets and starches in all forms whatsoever. That guy has got so slender I don't in the least doubt that if a sequence called for him to masquerade as a woman he could squeeze into one of his wife's girdles and Dixie wears girdles more from optimism than necessity.

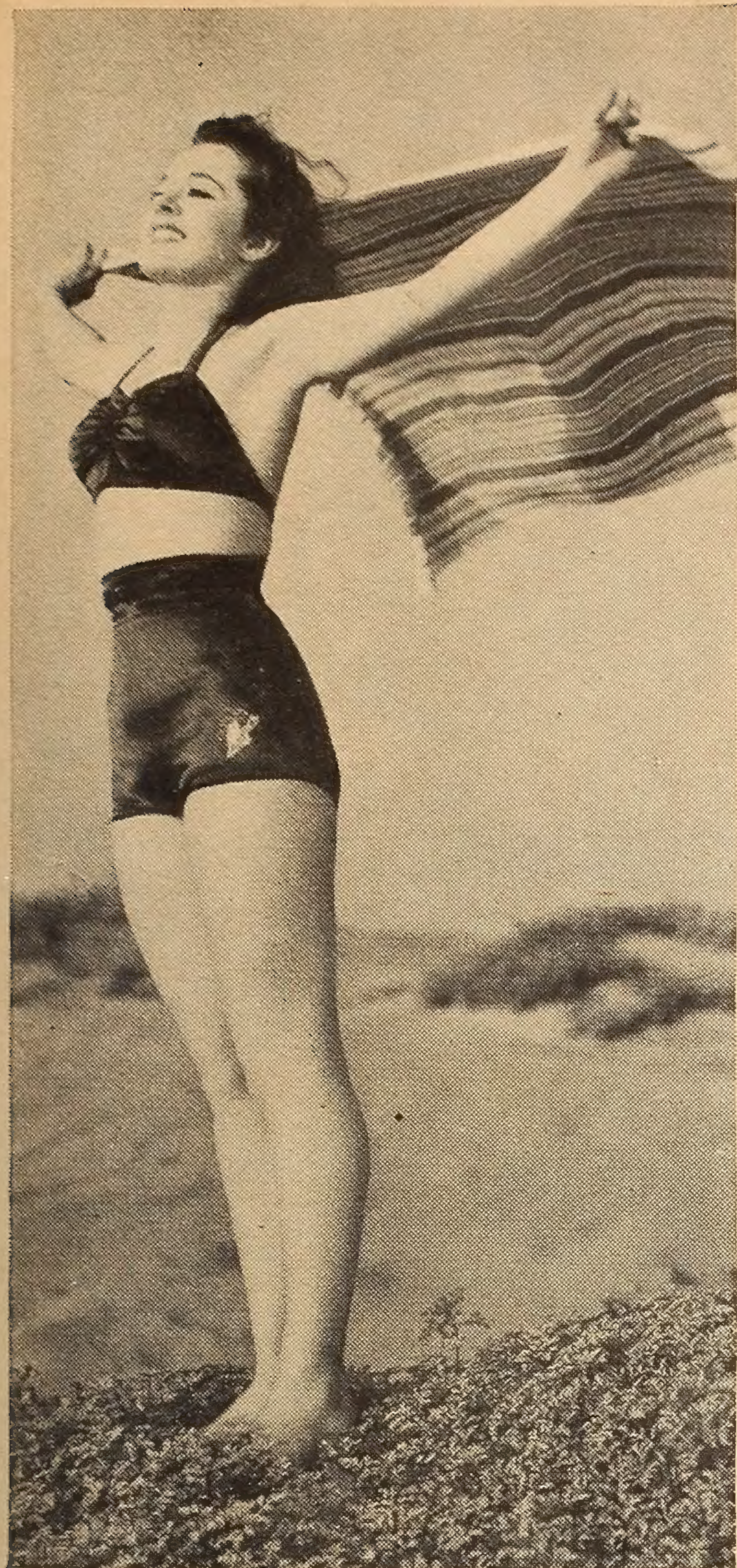
There being naught else to report on this lot, I go on to—

Paramount

WELL, two big pictures are in full swing over here. One is a Cecil DeMille opus starring Gary Cooper, with Preston Foster, Robert Preston and Madeleine Carroll prominently present and the other is a picture with the (I hope) non-prophetic title, "I Want A Divorce," starring Joan Blondell and Dick Powell.

Not taking them in the order named, I barge on to the set where the divorce picture is shooting. I say "barge" advisedly, because it's a process stage and visitors are not supposed to go on process stages.

The scene is the corridor outside a divorce court. Joan's sister has just got a divorce and both Joan and Dick have testified as witnesses. Joan comes out of the courtroom and walks to an open window. She is still shaken with a white fury as she takes a cigarette out of her bag and fumbles with a lighter that doesn't



Peggy Moran, of Universal Pictures, wearing a trim Catalina two-piece swim suit of satin controlastic.

work. Dick lights a match and holds it out, but she ignores him. Finally, when she sees the lighter won't work she turns to him. "Well," she snaps, "light it!"

So Dick strikes another match and lights her weed.

"Y'know," he says after a couple of minutes in which she has ignored him most beautifully, "we've met before. It was at Wanda's wedding breakfast," he continues as Joan shows no sign of recognition—Wanda, being her sister. "I remember," he rambles on, "there was something funny about your face. . . . Could it have been your teeth?"

"Braces!" Joan spits out the word. "And listen, Pinocchio . . ."

"That's right!" Dick agrees promptly. "Used to wear 'em myself. I don't suppose you have another cigarette."

Joan fumbles in her purse again and hands him a cigarette. "Can you spare it?" Dick inquires sarcastically.

"You were pretty glib in there," Joan opines. "Doing somebody a favor or just talking to hear yourself talk?"

"It was for Brandon," Dick explains. "I'm—I'm sort of lined up to work for him if," grinning wryly, "I ever pass my bar exams."

"That's swell," Joan agrees. "You and Brandon both seem to be cut from the same piece of cloth."

"Wait a minute, now, don't get me wrong," Dick protests defensively. "I phoned David and told him Brandon wanted me to testify and he said to go

ahead as long as it would help Wanda. I didn't like to do it any more than you did. I felt like I was slitting somebody's throat, but I wasn't quite sure whose throat I was cutting."

There is another pause and Joan turns and stares out the window.

"What blew 'em up?" Dick persists. "I mean Wanda and David."

"If you want my honest opinion," Joan says coldly, over her shoulder, "I think it was the kind of people Wanda chose for her friends."

"Yes?" says Dick stiffening.

"Yes," Joan snaps. "And if you still want my honest opinion, I think Wanda's friends are about the messiest conglomeration of moral and intellectual garbage it's ever been my misfortune to . . ."

"Wa-ay-ait a minute," Dick interrupts, and then, with crushing dignity, "it may interest you to know I was one of Wanda's friends."

"The crack still goes," Joan squelches him.

I will say one thing: if there is an actress on the screen with a feeling for dialogue it is Joan Blondell. If I were a director I'd have the leading man throw her cues and have the dialogue written from her retorts and I bet the script would turn out a darned sight better. And, while we're passing out compliments, let me say that you, who know Dick Powell as a singing juvenile, are going to be pleasantly surprised at the performance he's turning in in this picture, in a "straight" role. There is a prevalent belief (which I used to share) that singers can't be actors, but anyone who has heard Dick as a master of ceremonies should know that he is one of the deftest light comedians on the stage.

* * *

Well, anyhow, so much for the frothy side of life. Now we come to "Northwest Mounted Police," a saga of the great Northwest.

When you were a kid—well, maybe not when you were a kid but when I was, seventy percent of all movies dealt with the Northwest Mounted and they always got their man . . . men (?). Of late years the N.W. Mounties have sort of fallen into innocuous desuetude, but here comes C.B., puttees sparkling, megaphones ringing and banners flying to bring them back to glorious life. Paramount no longer put out synopses of their pictures so I can't tell you what this is all about, but I think the Indians have attacked and there's been bloody hell to pay. The wounded (N.W. Mounties) have been carried into the barracks in droves and of a sudden there's Madeleine Carroll as a nurse putting a tourniquet on a man's arm when Preston Foster appears.

"You always turn up where you can help, don't you?" he inquires solicitously.

"The half-breeds let me leave Batoche this morning," she explains, and then, "Oh, Dusty, what are they all saying about—"

"They're all out of their heads," he consoles her.

"Do any of you know where Ronnie is?" she worries.

But all these brave N.W. Mounties are silent.

Win \$500.00 Wardrobe!

20—\$50.00 Beauty Coupon Books
50—\$5.00 Beauty Coupon Books
250—\$1.00 Beauty Certificates

● Think of winning \$500.00 worth of new clothes from any store you choose . . . or \$500.00 in cash if preferred! Or one of 320 free services at your favorite beauty shop!

Here's all you do! Try new Blend-Rite Bob Pins. See how their amazing "hairlike" finish makes them practically invisible. Feel their firm grip; their smooth, round ends that won't mar your fingernails. Then complete this sentence in 25 or less simple, everyday words: "I like Blend-Rite Bob Pins because . . ."

ENTER NOW!

Each Blend-Rite Card contains Rules of the Contest, Official Entry Blank and Hints on How to Win. Or make reasonable facsimile. Contest closes July 31, 1940. Don't wait!

10c at Department, Variety, Ten-Cent Stores and Beauty Shops. STA-RITE GINNIE-LOU, INC. SHELBYVILLE, ILL.



STA-RITE
Blend-Rite
BOB PINS
The Invisible Bob Pin

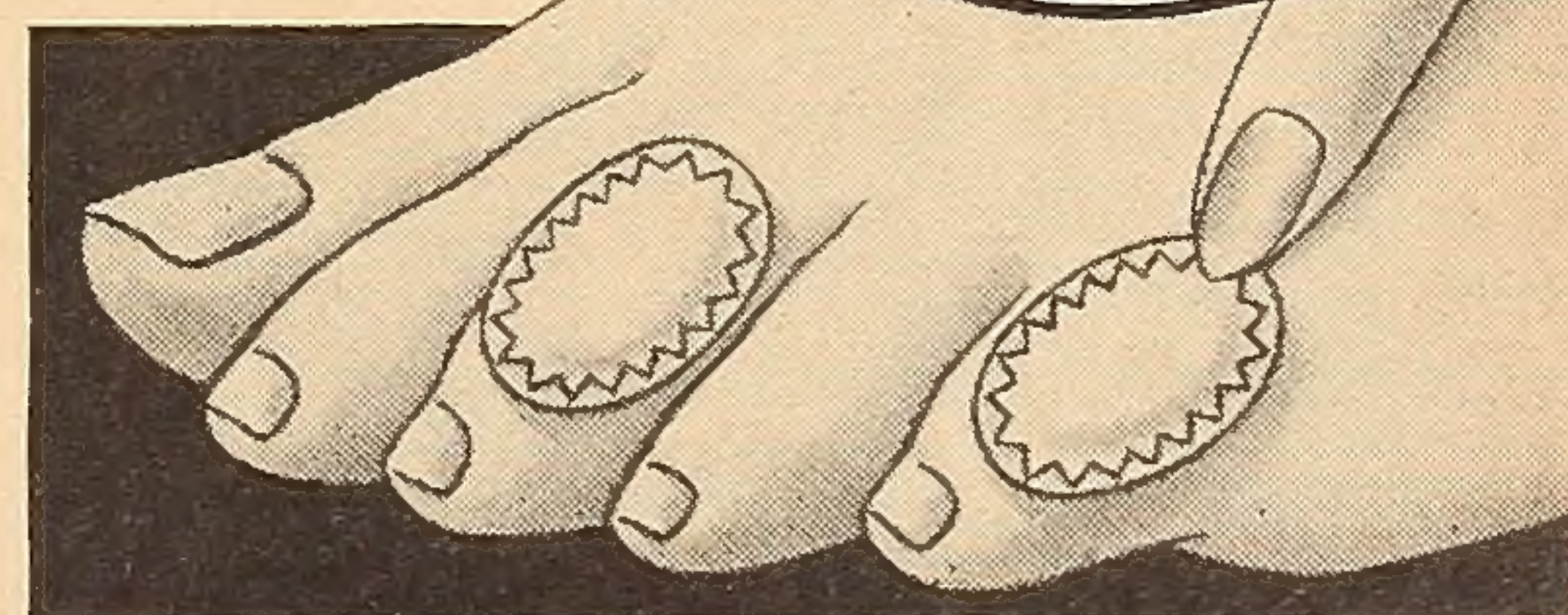
GRAY FADED HAIR

Ask famous expert from France how to shampoo and color your hair the same time at home with "SHAMPO-KOLOR." Any shade. No dyed look, most lasting. Permits perm. wave. Free Book. Valligny Prod. Inc., Dept. 20-K, 254 W. 31 St., New York.

CORNS GO FAST!

Away Goes
Pain and Out
Come Corns
Ever So Quick!

NEW!
DR. SCHOLL'S KEEP
YOU FREE OF CORNS,
SORE TOES FROM
TIGHT SHOES



Try this famous new clinic-tested relief—the New Super-Soft Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads. Pain goes quicker; shoe friction and pressure stopped more effectively. "Breaking-in" discomfort of new or tight shoes is avoided, and corns, sore toes and blisters prevented. These soothing, cushioning, fleecy pads are now 630% softer than before! That's what makes them vastly better. New, thin SCALLOPED EDGE molds pad to toe with form-fit smoothness. Do not come off in bath. Separate Medications included for removing your corns or callouses. Cost but a trifle and more for your money than ever! Sizes for Corns, Callouses, Bunions, Soft Corns. Insist on Dr. Scholl's.

NEW
Super-Soft



BUNIONS



CALLOUSES

Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads

"They don't know, April" (that's Miss Carroll), Preston replies—gently.

There is a little by-play then Preston disappears and all at once there's Gary. Three cheers for the red, white and blue.

"I'm glad you're safe," he tells her tersely, "but I wish you were somewhere else."

"Oh, Jim," she wails, misery in her eyes and I don't blame her.

A DeMille set is no place for persiflage. Everything is deadly earnest—until the picture is released—so I don't even stop to exchange badinage with my friend Gary. I just git—to

20th Century-Fox

WOULD you believe me if I told you (but, no! that's asking too much) there's only one picture shooting out here. It's called "The Million Dollar Diamond" or "The Girl in 313." Florence Rice returns to the cinematic wars (after an eight months' vacation) in this one. Some day, I'm going to take my typewriter in hand and tell you a story about Florence that'll curl your eyebrows. If producers would just (for a month) stop trying to find new faces and concentrate on those they have (like Florence and Virginia Grey and Dennis Morgan to name a few) it would be a far, far better world for us and a much more profitable one for them.

Well, to get on with our mutton, or diamonds, Florence is a government agent posing as a crook and Kent Taylor is a crook posing as a government agent. They meet and go to a night club and presently who should come in but Lionel Atwill (impersonating a jeweler) and Kay Aldridge (one of his models). Yesterday at a fashion show in M. Atwill's atelier Kay fainted and Florence lifted the necklace she was wearing.

"Don't look now," Florence cautions Kent, "but there's the beautiful pigeon who lost a feather yesterday." Then, as Kay and Mr. A. come abreast Florence says—in a friendly manner—"Hel-lo, there."

Kay turns in surprise. "You don't remember me, probably," Florence smiles, "but last night you fainted right at our feet. I'm Joan Mathews."

Well, to make a long story longer, Kay is a little blotto and Mr. Atwill is anxious to get her home before she talks (I think he is the crook) and Kay is out on the town and—oh, well, why don't you just go see the picture?

"Dick!" Florence begins accusingly, as she catches sight of me.

"I know, I know," I counter. "I'm a heel, an ingrate, a—"

"Every time I see you," she interrupts, "you ask for my phone number and you're always going to call—but you never do."

"I can't BREATHE!" I moan, and Florence subsides.

Years ago, when she was sixteen or seventeen, her uncle, Ring Lardner, wrote a story about her by that title and all anyone has to do is mention it to Florence and—well, that's all there is—at least at this studio. But there's still—

M-G-M

AND what does the lion roar? The lion roars "Boom Town" and "Pride and

During the filming of "One Million B. C.," Mamo Clark made a pet of the South American vulture which appears in the film.



Prejudice." You pays your money, you takes your choice. I hope your choice is "Boom Town," because that's what you're going to get—first.

Honest to gosh, the machinations of scenario writers is enough to give a sober guy a headache. Spencer Tracy has a lease on some oil property and Clark Gable has some money. At first, they resent each other, but in a free-for-all they discover each other's true worth and form a partnership. Spence is engaged to Claudette Colbert. Claudette (and all you who have seen her in previous pictures know she is nothing if not resourceful) gets weary of waiting for Spence to strike oil and so she comes to Burkburnett, Texas, and whom should she meet (and please note the faultless purity of my English) but Mr. Gable.

She doesn't deem it necessary to tell him she's engaged to Spence and he doesn't deem it necessary to tell her he's Spence's partner. Mr. Gable was never one to put his nose out of joint. And so we find them in the dining room of the Hotel.

Clark has just informed Claudette that the chicken is three-year-old jackrabbit and the Swedish waitress is having a hard time keeping a straight face.

"What are you doin' here at that?" Clark puts it up to her with that directness for which he is noted. "You one of those lady drummers?"

"Oh, I'm more important than that," Claudette counters with a straight face. "If I like it here, I'll probably—well, open up a shop."

"Yeah?" says Clark. "What kind of a shop?"

"M-m-m, lingerie," Claudette decides. "Ladies' underwear," she explains as Clark looks puzzled.

"Oh, ladies' underwear," he echoes dubiously. "Well, I don't know now—you see, the girls in this town—" he gets confused—"What I mean is, there's not much call for—"

All of a sudden the Swedish waitress bursts out into a titter—

Well, I wish you could be on the set. Claudette and Clark are going through their lines without a hitch, but the Swedish waitress (at \$25 a day) wants to rehearse! The director tells her she is swell without a rehearsal, but they have to make about twenty takes before that girl can even titter right. If I just had Bing Crosby's figure and one of his wife's girdles I could make me some money.

THE last picture of the month is "Pride & Prejudice," adapted from the stage play of the same name.

Edmund Gwenn and his wife (Mary Boland) are the parents of a flock of girls. He is a gentleman in the English sense of the word, but she has the triple misfortune of being the daughter of a shopkeeper, the sister of an attorney and a naturally vulgar woman who cannot keep her mouth shut. The personality of one daughter (Greer Garson) and the beauty of another (Maureen O'Sullivan—and welcome back, Maureen) attract two rich and distinguished bachelors (Laurence Olivier and Bruce Lester). But Olivier is proud of his noble birth and feels he must not love Greer nor permit his friend (Lester) to marry Maureen. There is nothing against the two girls except that their family is "common."

The scene I saw being made wasn't terribly important (and space is running short), so we'll skip it.

S'long until next time.

I NEVER NEGLECT MY DAILY
ACTIVE-LATHER FACIAL
WITH LUX SOAP

JOAN BENNETT
WALTER WANGER STAR

LUX SOAP HELPS
SKIN STAY SMOOTH,
ATTRACTIVE. FIRST
PAT ITS **ACTIVE**
LATHER INTO
YOUR SKIN

RINSE WITH WARM
WATER. THEN
YOU FINISH WITH
A DASH OF COOL

Try this
gentle Lux Toilet Soap
beauty care for 30 days!

HOLLYWOOD'S lovely screen stars tell you Lux Toilet Soap's **ACTIVE** lather does the trick—gives gentle, *thorough* care. Try **ACTIVE-LATHER FACIALS** *regularly* for 30 days. See if Hollywood's fragrant, white beauty soap doesn't work for you—help you keep skin smooth and soft—attractive.



PAT THE FACE
LIGHTLY TO DRY.
NOW IT FEELS
SMOOTHER,
SOFTER. A **LUX**
SOAP FACIAL IS
A WONDERFUL
HELP IN KEEPING
SKIN LOVELY!

9 out of 10 Screen Stars use Lux Toilet Soap



Listen to

CHESTERFIELD'S MARION HUTTON

in Glenn Miller's Moonlight Serenade
all Columbia Stations . . . Tues., Wed., Thurs.

*Eyes Right
to*

CHESTERFIELD

for Real Mildness



Smokers by the millions are making Chesterfield the Busiest Cigarette in America. . . . It takes the right combination of the world's best tobaccos to give you a cigarette that is definitely Milder, Better-Tasting and Cooler-Smoking . . . all at the same time. *For real smoking pleasure, buy Chesterfields every day.*